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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1906.

The Week.

The tone of the official announcement at Washington of the impending changes in the Philippine Government is most unhappy. All the talk is of salaries. Gov. Wright is making a "pecuniary sacrifice" of such and such amounts in going to Japan. Mr. Ide, who is to be allowed to succeed as Governor-General for six months, will be \$5,000 in pocket by the change. Then he will retire and Gen. Smith will be given a chance at the fat salary. All this is to fall into the worst style of the former Spanish domination of the islands. The idea prevailed that a Governor-General was sent from Madrid to Manila to make his fortune. Stories of the good pickings of Gen. Weyler and Gen. Blanco passed from mouth to mouth. The good of the service, the welfare of the Filipinos, always had to take second or third place in the discussions, the prime consideration being what general had political influence enough to get the job. It is lamentable that an American Administration should drop, even unwittingly, into this vicious Spanish way of envying the high salaries which we compel the Filipinos to pay for the privilege of being governed against their will. But it is in keeping, we fear, with the general letting down from our first enthusiastic pledges to administer the Philippines in a spirit of the most lofty disinterestedness.

In the new personnel of the Philippine Government, too, we note the same change. We began with assurances from President McKinley, echoed by President Roosevelt, that our noblest and most capable should be sent to govern the Philippines. But how we are falling off the pedestal on which we were admiring ourselves! From Schurman and Taft we dropped to Wright, and now we are to sink to Smith. Of the latter's appointment, the best that can be said is that it is absolutely routine and commonplace. He is almost completely unknown; his name means nothing; his abilities, so far as demonstrated, are wholly of the humdrum order. If Gov. Wright is fit to be made Ambassador to Japan, Gen. Smith would appear to be just about qualified to be consul at Kobé. His selection falls in well with the growing and general indifference of Americans to that great colonial problem which, six years ago, they were going to solve to the admiration of the world. They now wish only to wash their hands of the Philippines; yet when Congressman McCall proposes that we

wash our consciences too of them by promising independence, the cry is that such a step would be unpatriotic. Public neglect with private exploiting is the new definition of patriotic duty to the Philippines.

The second opening of bids for the Philippine railways leaves about half the projected lines unprovided for in any way, while there is no competition anywhere on a mile of route. This can hardly be called an encouraging beginning. If Congress had simply passed a general railroad law like those of American States, and allowed private capital to build where a prospective profit could be discerned, it is probable that the 200 miles of railroad in Luzon which Speyer & Co. are willing to build without guarantee, would have been constructed just the same. And for all the thirty-year guarantee, we have not yet secured a promise of the system which the Philippine Commission thought necessary for the economic development of the islands. It seems to be taken for granted that the Government will accept such bids as are made, and try to supply the missing links later on. But the outcome of the long negotiations is very different from the expectations confidently expressed when the improvement act was before Congress.

Congress is to abolish the eight-hour day on Government work at Panama. Thus does one of our boasted privileges after another fall before the exigencies of what Mr. Roosevelt calls "the giant canal." First came the waiving of the Dingley tariff on canal supplies. The awful peril of cheapening the canal did not deter the Administration. Haughty Americans were left to pay two prices on what they consume, in consequence of the tariff, and so they were safe and content, let the Isthmus be flooded as it might with goods at bargain rates. From Chinese labor, of course, our sacred soil has to be protected, but Chief Engineer Stevens now tells the Senate Committee that we can't dig the canal without Chinamen. So we suppose they will soon be coming in as the eight-hour law goes out. All this looks to us like a fatal concession to efficiency and economy. The next thing we know, people will be demanding that in this country, too, they be allowed to buy at anti-monopoly prices and work as long as they wish to; and then what would become of the tariff and labor-union legislation?

Secretary Root may not have been diplomatic, but he was deadly accurate, in his talk to the House Appropriations Committee about the defects of our

consular system. The reason it is not better is that Congress does not want it to be better. It is Congress that maintains the vicious practice of keeping a consular position as a shelf for a disabled politician, if not as a snug berth for an ignorant but efficient political worker. Mr. Root pointed out that a bill to remedy these evils had been introduced in the Senate, but that nearly all the reforming energy had been taken out of it by the committee which reported it. Whether, even in that mangled condition, it would be made a law, the Secretary said no man could tell. The plain truth is that both Senate and House prefer to go on treating the consulates as party spoils, instead of making them a means of worthily representing this country abroad and giving proper aid to American commerce. Mr. Root stated but the fact. Broken down statesmen who have to be "taken care of," managers of State machines who have to be rewarded—these are the sort of men whom Congressmen delight to foist upon the service. A boss like Hanna goes to McKinley and compels him—it didn't require much compelling—to send a man like Gowdy to Paris, where he was a kind of roaring joke all through his term. In the same way, Quay forced Roosevelt to name his discredited henchman, Saylor. So long as these things go on, it is nonsense for Senators to profess anxiety about improving the consular service, and whine about their desire to meet the needs and wishes of our merchants.

Mr. Root's observations on the Algeiras conference, made before a House committee, are a curious mixture of frankness and casuistry. His assurances that our delegates are there solely in a commercial capacity is eminently satisfactory, and puts an end to absurd speculations as to America's holding a casting vote for or against Germany. Mr. Root's characterization of the purpose of the conference as "ostensibly commercial" was less happy. Certainly, the Moroccan delegate who recently made an eloquent appeal for the preservation of the Sultanate, must have suspected that the deliberations might take a disastrously political turn. On the point of the strained relations between France and Germany, Mr. Root spoke with the appalling frankness that occasionally overmasters his habitual caution. To say in set terms that there was nothing worth the trip to Algeiras except the dissension between France and Germany, is to cast aside the usual reserves of diplomacy. The indiscretion was the more pardonable because it was made before a small body, and because it

gives an almost excessive emphasis to the fact that the American delegates may treat Algeciras as an agreeable winter resort, and free their minds from undue preoccupation with the sessions in the *Ayuntamiento*. Such assurances are not superfluous when light-headed humanitarians are petitioning the President to step in and quickly settle the Eastern question.

It is evident that the legal lights of the Senate are preparing for a great debate on the railway-rates bill. Messrs. Bailey, Knox, Foraker, and Spooner are plainly stuffed with arguments and precedents, so much so that matter oozes from them on the slightest provocation. Senator Fulton of Oregon attempted to make a speech the other day, but first Bailey asked a question, and then Foraker and Knox and Spooner rushed to the fray, until the Senator supposed to have the floor was forgotten, and all the interest centred in the animated colloquy between the best lawyers of the Senate. All of them being perfect masters of the law, they naturally differed violently as to what the law really is; but on one or two points there was agreement. The courts can pass only upon a definite, concrete case of railroad rate-making, where there are individual parties to the judgment; they cannot pronounce judgment on abstract principles or lay down general freight classifications. Furthermore, Congress cannot delegate the legislative power to a commission; nor can a mere commission decide finally whether a given rate is "reasonable" or not, since that is a judicial function. These points are vital to the legislation which the President desires, and are apparently fatal to certain forms of it which he has favored.

This year's Statehood bill is essentially the same as the one which went through Congress two years ago. Then it was the occasion of no excitement at all, until it got to the Senate, while this year it has seemingly brought advocates and opponents almost to the shooting point. The charges of corrupt influences opposing the two-State bill have aroused militant indignation on the other side, and the heavy artillery of the anti-joint-Statehood party of Arizona is being hurled to Washington. On Thursday the chairman of the Committee on Territories was taunted by a minority member with having changed front on the whole question. This he denied with warmth, but it may be noted that, even if Mr. Hamilton had altered his position as regards the Southwestern Territories, he only followed the same course as did the House as a whole, which voted for joint Statehood last year, although several times willing in the past to admit Arizona and New Mexico separately.

The dismissal of three Annapolis midshipmen last week is the first real fruit of the hazing investigation, and proves again how serious the situation at the Naval Academy has become. Most of the witnesses either appear to be afraid to testify truthfully or are sullenly contumacious. When one midshipman told the truth frankly the other day, the court-martial was moved to compliment him. Things were very different at West Point during the hazing investigation of 1901. Then the cadets felt themselves insulted because the prosecutor insinuated that they were not telling the truth. In other ways also the spirit and discipline are far better at the Military Academy than at Annapolis. At the former the cadets do not hesitate to report even their room-mates for infractions of discipline; at Annapolis, favoritism or spite seems to have controlled reports. At the beginning of the West Point investigation there was some attempt to defy the authorities, but that was speedily ended. As even the service papers have admitted, the naval cadets apparently feel that they can do as they please, irrespective of their superintendent, the Navy Department, or Congress. At present it looks as if nearly all the midshipmen of the first and second classes would have to be tried, with many dismissals as a result. Therefore, some timid souls at the Navy Department are urging that the whole inquiry be dropped and the cadets sent to sea at once, "because of the navy's great need of officers." The navy may in truth be short-handed, but, no matter what its straits, it ought not to want young men schooled in the system of lying, deceit, brutality, and unmanly abuse of authority which has formed the Annapolis code.

David B. Hill asks the public to pass upon all his relations with the Equitable. This is the significance of his request that the State Bar Association investigate the whole matter. He realizes the delicacy of his position. Senator Chauncey M. Depew's annual retainer of \$20,000 was pay for political and social rather than strictly legal services—unless lobbying is covered by the broad word "legal expenses." When people learned that so influential a Democrat as Hill, once the boss of his party in this State, was also retained, they naturally suspected that the two cases were parallel. Mr. Hill roundly asserts: "I honestly and fairly earned every dollar which was paid to me. I never received from the Equitable Society any moneys whatsoever for any political services or for any political purposes." In these words Mr. Hill raises rather a nice question in ethics. The Equitable was not unwilling to secure Mr. Hill's good will and influence,

and indeed may, like the rest of the world, have doubted whether it was possible to retain Hill the lawyer without retaining Hill the politician. Mr. Hill himself was troubled by no misgivings. "I have never," he says, "mingled business with politics or politics with business." That is all very well for a man of Mr. Hill's robust integrity and squeamish conscience; but ordinary mortals cannot draw the line so sharply. We do not go so far as to say that a prominent politician should not accept a retainer from a corporation which is asking for political favors; but the least that he can do is to follow Mr. Hill's fine example in keeping the lawyer and the politician in separate and watertight compartments of his mind and soul.

Once more the West has shown the East how to do things. The representatives of the "Big Nine" colleges of the West—Chicago, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Northwestern, Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, and Purdue—on Saturday abolished the present game of football, and decided to await from the new football committee such playing rules "as will free the game from brutality and unnecessary danger." If such alterations are not sufficiently sweeping, the "Big Nine" will appoint its own committee to draw up rules. But the good work did not stop there. These colleges barred out all graduate players, no matter from what college; urged that freshmen be also ruled out, thus restricting players to three years on a team; limited entrance fees to games to fifty cents; abolished training tables, and fixed the number of intercollegiate games to be played by each team at five in a season. Obviously, while the East has been discussing what it ought to do, the West has been making up its mind. More drastic reforms, next to the abolition of all intercollegiate athletics, could hardly be asked, particularly as there is to be no training before the colleges open, and no professional paid coaches are to be employed hereafter. This ruling, if adopted in the East, would bar out Mr. Reid of Harvard and Mr. Camp of Yale.

Mr. Walter Camp's admission last week that the Yale athletic surplus, which he had carefully concealed during his twelve years of athletic dictatorship at New Haven, amounts to no less than \$96,325, and will reach \$130,000 by the end of this college year, was fairly sensational. Yale men who have not been wholly carried away by the athletic mania must be equally pained by other revelations made by Mr. Camp to Mr. Clarence Deming. From these it appears that Mr. Camp's own pay and that of the athletic trainer, Murphy, have invariably been hidden by being charged to the "maintenance of the field," while

the rowing coach's salary was tucked away under "maintenance of boathouse." Even more enlightening is the confession that Murphy and the Yale football captain, Hogan—the latter a paid agent of the Tobacco Trust—were last year given a trip to Cuba because of Murphy's health; Hogan acting, we presume, as nurse and companion. Just how much money has been paid out for the tutoring of athletes deficient in their studies Mr. Camp does not say; the practice he admits. All this simply rounds out the facts as to Yale athletic evils printed in *McClure's Magazine* last spring. President Hadley, in a recent speech, admitted that there must be reforms in the methods of handling athletic receipts and disbursements. The very first reform undertaken at New Haven should be the removal of Mr. Camp from control of Yale athletics. His financiering abilities demand a wider field.

Mr. Marshall Field did not have to wait for death to extinguish envy. For many years he had enjoyed the esteem of all sorts and conditions of men. In Chicago, and indeed throughout the great Northwest where his name and fame stood for so much, his repute was high and his popularity marked. Though one of the richest men of his time, he was never held up as an embodiment of greed; his name was never the signal for hisses or opprobrious cries even in a meeting of Socialists. In a day when so many men of great wealth are made the object of suspicion, dislike, hatred, wrath, and malice, Mr. Field's immunity is well worth inquiring into. Doubtless his personal bearing and manners counted for something. The deeper reason lay behind. Mr. Field had accumulated his immense fortune by methods which the considerate judgment of his fellows pronounced legitimate. It was a regular and honorable business, long pursued, that brought him wealth. No unscrupulous stock manipulation, no ruin-spreading monopoly, could be pointed to as the source of his great riches. Hundreds of other men had only to apply a moderate business ability to the natural advantages of Chicago's position in order to become rich; and Mr. Field, applying supereminent ability, became richer than any of them. But all felt that his rewards were lawful. In public spirit and benevolence Mr. Field was not deficient, though he could not be called extraordinary in either. He gave perhaps as much as could be expected of his time to the civic interests of Chicago. His voice and influence were at any rate on the side of good government and every municipal advance.

A John Hay Library for Brown University is a singularly appropriate memorial to the dead statesman. In offering \$150,000 toward a fund of \$300,000 for this purpose, and in suggesting the name of the building, Andrew Carnegie has shown a fine appreciation, not only of the services which his friend, the late Mr. Hay, rendered to the cause of international peace, but of the fitness of the recipient of the magnificent gift. By the very terms of the Brown charter, the Quakers always have had a representation of five members on the board of trustees. It would perhaps be hard to trace a direct connection between this important element in the control of the college and the names, in its roll of distinguished graduates, of men who love peace. Yet the Quakers have exerted a powerful influence upon the community in which Brown is situated. Moreover, Henry Wheaton, sometimes called the father of modern international law, was a graduate of Brown in the class of 1802. Every one who is familiar with the history of diplomacy knows how much Wheaton did to promote good-will among nations, not only by his writings, which are still quoted as authority, but by his various negotiations as foreign minister and plenipotentiary. The career of Wheaton has been one of the glories of Brown. From time to time other alumni, remembering his labors, have contributed to Brown's steadily growing collection of works on international law, until the University now possesses a library of extraordinary value on this subject—a library which may well occupy a place of honor in the new building.

That Birmingham should have stood by Chamberlain is no great wonder. For years he has controlled the local machine of his own creation, whether for Liberal or Unionist purposes. Furthermore, his personal popularity is such that, under any flag whatever, affectionate Brummagem would obey the command, "Vote for Joe." But the clean sweep at Birmingham sharply emphasizes Mr. Balfour's defeat at Manchester, and leaves Mr. Chamberlain the actual if not the titular leader of his Majesty's Opposition. Plainly, no recovery from the *débâcle* is possible under Mr. Balfour's discredited leadership. It has become a question of Chamberlain or a newcomer—of a lurch to protectionism or a reorganization along traditional Tory lines. Evidently, Mr. Chamberlain's local success proves little as to the general acceptance of his doctrines, and it would be strange if the Conservatives should rally as a body to one who has split the party and brought it so near to political bankruptcy. Mr. Chamberlain retains, however, the prestige due to one who has fought on a straight, if unpopular, issue, and the influence natural in a skillful manipulator of the party machine.

M. Clément-Armand Fallières, who has just been promoted from the presidency of the French Senate to that of the Republic, has a long and consistent record as a Moderate Republican. He served Jules Ferry in various Cabinet positions; President Carnot asked him, though without result, to form a Cabinet. In the early 90's, as Freycinet's Minister of Justice, he took a strong anti-clerical stand, and advocated the abortive measure of 1892 for the repression of the religious orders. These activities constitute his real bond with the very mild radicalism of Prime Minister Rouvier. The new President is eminently a safe man, his gifts being those of the barrister and jurist, and he will probably accept very gracefully the subordinate and highly ornamental rôle of first citizen of France. More significant than his election is the small comfort given to candidacies of such a notable sort as those of the expansionist Doumer and the great Socialist Parliamentarian Sarrien. Even the firm stand in favor of all the moral platitudes recently taken by Doumer, in 'The Book of My Sons,' could not allay the suspicion that the reorganizer of Tonquin had Napoleonic ambitions; whereas Sarrien is too potent a personality to be trusted with the routine amabilities of the Presidential office. The election of a President excites singularly little interest in France. The berth, to a really ambitious politician, bears an ominous resemblance to a shelf. So far as it goes, however, the election of M. Fallières indicates a further reaction from the extreme Radicalism of Combes towards the opportunism of Méline and Waldeck-Rousseau.

The successful and orderly Social-Democratic demonstrations of Sunday against the unfair terms of the Prussian suffrage reflect credit upon the party and its leaders. Undoubtedly, some people will attribute the absence of disturbances to the extraordinary military precautions taken in Berlin and elsewhere, but this would be unfair to the Social-Democrats. From the moment the meetings were planned, Bebel and his associates insisted that they must be pacific in tone and character. Had there been bloodshed, it would undoubtedly have militated against the Government, precisely as did the St. Petersburg "Red Sunday" killing. On the other hand, the Government would have seized upon any disorder to denounce the Socialists as anarchists and revolutionists. As it is, this popular demonstration is the most notable one Berlin has seen since the days of 1848. No less than ninety-three meetings in that city alone asked for a freeing of the suffrage from its present harassing restrictions.

THE "ROOSEVELT PARTY."

There is a deep significance in the manner of enacting the Philippine Tariff bill by the House. It means much for the Filipinos; it may mean more for us. Our neglected subjects in the archipelago may take it as a sign that their just demands for a market will one day be granted; and citizens of the United States, angry at the needless imposition of tariff burdens, and looking about to see who will remove the curse of protection, may see in this beginning of tariff revision for the benefit of 8,000,000 Filipinos the promise of tariff revision for the benefit of 80,000,000 Americans. For the House vote clearly reveals the existence of what has been called a "Roosevelt Party," by the resolute use of which one tariff abomination after another could be done away.

The obvious fact is that the Republicans, even with their great majority in the House, could not pass the Philippine bill unaided. Fifty-nine Republicans finally voted against it. Had the Democrats gone solidly against this Administration measure, it would have been beaten by six votes. Yet the Republican managers had distinctly repudiated Democratic assistance. It was a party measure, Chairman Payne announced, and he did not desire a single Democrat to support it. The aged but not venerable Grosvenor was equally explicit. He was for rallying the Republican organization against "Democratic sophistry," and wanted no votes from the other party. In spite of all this, the event showed that one-quarter of the Republican members could be neither cajoled nor clubbed into line; and the consequence was the terrible portent before which Lodge trembled in Massachusetts last October—Republican tariff revision by grace of Democratic votes! Yet the same Lodge announces that he is going to fight "vigorously" to get the Senate to accept the bill. He knows, however, that it cannot be done without the aid of Democratic Senators.

Our point is that there is plainly a majority of tariff-reformers now in Congress. Call it the "Roosevelt Party," or what you will, a body of Congressmen exists large enough, and willing enough, if they had a fair chance to vote their minds, to abolish, we will say, the tariff on art, which Secretary Hay called "barbarous"; to cut the steel duties to the bone; to revise other Dingley schedules radically, and to put the country in the way of securing amicable trade relations with other nations. Of course, before anything is done, the voting must be across party lines. But the Administration frankly contemplates it, even invites it, in other important matters. The President, if he had to depend upon his own party alone, would not have a ghost of a chance of carrying his Philippine bill, or his Statehood measure, or even his bill for fixing railway rates.

In them all, his support must be part Democratic. But is it not certain that he could rally this same non-partisan following if he struck boldly for tariff revision by its help?

The votes are there if he will call for them. Let him furbish up that tariff message which has been rusting in his armory for more than a year. Let him begin, if he chooses, with a few of the more flagrant tariff abuses. Mr. Roosevelt must feel as chagrined and disgraced as other educated Americans by some of the more Turkish of our tariff laws. When the united artists and art-lovers of the land send to the White House their protests against a tax which makes our country seem benighted, the President must glow with indignation. But can he any longer assert that it is impossible for him to do anything to sponge off that blot? Every day it becomes clearer that there are in Congress sufficient men to do the work, provided the President will take the initiative courageously and the vicious system of purely partisan arguing and voting on a measure which cuts deep into both parties, is for the moment broken through. It will be a good test of President Roosevelt—to see if he is willing to use the tool which lies at his hand, in order to put his undoubted convictions into effect.

Some Democratic mutterings about Congressman Williams's leadership on the Philippine bill are reported from Washington. It is said that he ought to have seized the chance to beat the Republicans and leave the Administration humiliated; that it is the duty of an Opposition to oppose, etc. But it would be a stupid Opposition that did not take its own when it was offered. Mr. Williams did far better than snatch an empty party victory. He showed that Democrats would approve a measure that was right and patriotic, even if it did not go the full length of justice, and even if it bore the stamp of the other party. More than that, on purely tactical grounds, the Democratic leader was well advised. His course brought out clearly the malign hold of unyielding and unscrupulous protection upon the Republican party. Of the old pretence that the tariff would one day be "revised by its friends," he proved the absolute hollowness. Turning to the Republican side of the House, he said:

"You are going to do nothing about the tariff. The Republican party in its present decadent condition has neither the brains nor the intelligence to remedy tariff abuses. That is the reason why you are going to have a Democratic House of Representatives after the next election."

"Oh, a few stand-patters, with absolute contempt for popular sentiment and absolute trust in the omnipotence of the Committee on Rules and the Committee on Ways and Means, and in our little legislative coterie here in Washington, may imagine there is no outside world. There is an outside world in Michigan, in Wisconsin, in Iowa, throughout all the great Middle West, whose world market for their wheat and corn and meats and agricultural

implements is being menaced by the initiation of a commercial warfare by the Emperor of Germany in retaliation for our spirit of commercial exclusiveness. There is an outside world up in Massachusetts. Massachusetts now is crying out for a revision of the tariff."

The question is whether the President is going to unite with Gov. Guild and Gov. Cummins and the other Republican tariff-reformers, and frankly say that, if the Republican party will not do its duty in reforming the tariff, the "Roosevelt Party" is ready to, and will welcome the needed Democratic and Independent votes.

UNCLE SAM AS PAN-AMERICAN RECEIVER.

We are in receipt of the following letter from New Orleans:

"Some of the best-informed and influential men of Santo Domingo believe that if no compromise is arrived at between the Senate and the Executive, whereby the treaty now pending may be ratified in its essential features at least, or the Executive be empowered to negotiate some sort of *modus vivendi* on those lines, Santo Domingo, in order to maintain internal peace and settle with its creditors, would have to appeal to a European nation. Already the movement started about two years ago by a former minister of foreign affairs of the island republic, discussed in a pamphlet published by him at the time, is being thought of as an alternative. This scheme contemplates the lease of Samana Bay for a coaling station and the opening of a free port.

"Should Germany appear in the field as a bidder, would the Nation favor a dog-in-the-manger policy on the part of the United States? And: Would the United States be benefited by such an acquisition by Germany of a controlling position in the West Indies?"

Our esteemed correspondent puts compactly a sentiment which many vaguely express. It is that a new and startling situation has arisen in Santo Domingo, requiring new and startling action on our part; whereas, in fact, there is no novelty about it at all. The Dominican republic has for forty years been getting daring speculators to take its paper at 60 to 80 per cent. discount, and repudiating the debt as often as convenient. Her borrowings, like those of several other of the smaller Latin-American republics, have always had *caveat emptor* written legibly upon them. That class of securities long ago became a synonym for insecurity. In Macaulay, Latin-American bonds had displaced the Mississippi bonds of Sydney Smith as the by-word of investors: "The scrawl of the Jew," wrote Macaulay, "on the back of a piece of paper may be worth more than the royal word of three kings, or the national faith of three new American republics."

President Roosevelt and Senator Lodge would make it out that some strange new thing has befallen us in the bankruptcy of Santo Domingo. But it has been chronic. The only novelty lies in Mr. Roosevelt's sudden discovery that the old facts, which seem to him new, demand that he do something unprece-

dented. With the English public, however, all this is an old affair. A writer in the *Monthly Review* for January details some of the facts, so well known to the London Council of Foreign Bondholders. Of several of the turbulent republics of Latin America, it is roundly said that "their borrowing powers are practically nil, whilst the low average price and violent fluctuations in the value of their bonds show how little confidence is felt in their ability—not to say their desire—to pay their way." The obligations of these countries are never taken except by the speculator. He gets them at from 10 to 20 per cent. of their face value, cultivates, if he can, a temporary "boom" on the stock market, and unloads upon gullible investors at a price which doubles his money in a few weeks. Then comes the unwary buyer of worthless paper demanding that his Government send warships like so many sheriffs to collect his debt. The story is as old as it is depressing. Santo Domingo first placed a loan with foreigners in 1869. On it she has been in default for more than twenty years. Colombia has had a foreign debt for some 83 years, during about 47 of which no interest was paid. The corresponding figures for Guatemala, Honduras, and Venezuela are, respectively, 78 and 48, 78 and 72, 83 and 41. Costa Rica and Nicaragua have been in default for more than half the time. Salvador has repudiated a part of her foreign debt. Thus it appears that, if Uncle Sam is going to set himself up in the business of liquidating all outstanding Pan-American debts, he will not lack for occupation.

The President, of course, proposes to limit himself strictly to Dominican accounts. He repels with more indignation than logic the intimation that he will move upon other delinquent and disorderly republics and make them pay their debts and live cleanly. Yet he ought to know that the holders of their depreciated bonds are drawing the inference which he declares unwarranted. The writer in the *Monthly Review* states that the unlucky European investors in Latin-American securities have, since President Roosevelt's announcement that he is going to make Santo Domingo behave, "learnt to look upon the United States as the *deus ex machina* who will transmute their almost worthless paper into pure gold, and a phenomenal inflation in prices has consequently taken place." Surely, Mr. Roosevelt would not wish to dash these new and fond hopes! He ought, at all events, to take note of a plain warning given him in the *Review* on one point. A formidable difficulty in his entire Dominican plan has all along been his assumption that it would be easy for him to determine what "proportion of the debts it is possible to pay on an equitable basis." But

there's the rub. There is no evidence that the President, or any of his agents, has thoroughly examined the various claims of creditors—creditors in good faith. Mr. Roosevelt has lightly dismissed this aspect of the matter. When the time came, he would get an absolutely "just" man to look into the tangle of accounts, and say what should and should not be paid. But there can be, "Investor" informs us in the *Review*, only "serious misgivings" on the part of foreign bondholders as to the degree of discrimination against them which an American liquidator in Santo Domingo might exercise. It would be a bad bargain to make our peace with Santo Domingo at the cost of misunderstandings with a half-dozen European nations.

But what are we to do? What would you do yourself? Such are the posers put to every one who questions the wisdom of the President's Dominican plan. But the reply is simple. We should keep on doing just what this Government always has done: warn speculators who take a "flutter" in foreign bonds or concessions of any kind, that they do so at their own risk, and that the American navy will never be made a bailiff to collect bad debts. If any of our citizens come forward with valid claims for damages against Santo Domingo, the State Department should do what it can to see that justice is done them. One would think, to listen to the President, that the United States had never had troublesome claims to settle. A Dominican Claims Commission, however, would be but one more in a long list of such bodies. Mexican Claims, Colombian Claims, Venezuelan Claims—they, in their time, have all been patiently studied and adjusted by friendly negotiations, without a single swish of the Big Stick. The burden of proof is upon those who say that the same thing should not be done in Santo Domingo. As for our correspondent's alarm about Germany seizing Samana Bay if we do not forestall her, we need only say that we think the "sausage trick" will no longer work in inducing Americans to take territory they do not want. We refer, of course, to the artifice of the man who had wagered that his dog could eat a dollar's worth of sausages. Whenever the animal showed signs of satiety, the owner would bring up another dog threatening to eat the rejected morsel, whereupon the first one's appetite would be miraculously renewed. But that German dog has been too often and too ostentatiously brought on the scene.

CHANGING VIEWS OF ARMIES.

Col. Charles W. Larned, senior professor at the West Point Military Academy, has contributed to the *International Quarterly* a striking article propos-

ing a regeneration of the army, so as to make service within its ranks a privilege greatly to be desired. He has looked beneath the surface, and, like the French Socialist leader, Jaurès, he finds that modern social and political conditions have brought with them a changed relationship of the people towards military service. The underlying conception hitherto, Col. Larned points out, has been "fundamentally feudal," no matter how much this may have been concealed or affected by certain political institutions or conditions. The bond of service by which the soldier is held; his inability to change employers at will; his social inferiority as compared with the officer; the "annihilation of initiative and complete subordination of will"; the claim upon his life, and other circumstances—even where enlistment is voluntary—suggest the conditions of the feudal serf. As a result, there are protests not only in this country, but in Europe as well. Bebel, like Jaurès, has bid his Government beware of the thinking bayonets, which are now to think not only on reaching the firing line, but first whether they should be required to form it.

Even outside of the Socialist ranks, there are mutterings against what is so essentially a system of caste. The Continental middle-class citizen feels akin to the Socialist when he hears Jaurès call for a democratization of the army. Within a year the Berlin *Tageblatt* has devoted many pages to protests against the great proportion of noblemen in the army and the exclusion of commoners from the officers' lists of many fashionable Prussian regiments. The well-to-do Berlin or Hamburg merchants resent more and more the supercilious airs and intolerable conceit of the wearers of the Kaiser's uniform, and one of the most popular German novels of recent years centres around the unavailing efforts of the son of a business man to hold his own in a regiment in which he alone among the officers was not of noble birth. Besides these social influences which make for democratization, modern fighting conditions have tended to create a new relationship between officer and private. The latter has, as Professor Larned shows, gained of necessity a self-reliance and initiative entirely at variance with the automatic idea. This has been sufficiently illustrated in Cuba, the Philippines, and South Africa.

Professor Larned, too, thinks the rigid discipline of inferiority and separateness no longer desirable. The problem in this country, as he sees it, is to change military conditions so as to make the army an institution of great value to the soldier, not only because of high pay, but because of the general education or technical training he may get out of service. Our army, Col. Larned affirms, has in time of peace to rely

upon a "drifting and uncertain body of the unemployed, social failures, and tramps, fluctuating in number according to periods of commercial distress or prosperity," and is "a sort of forlorn hope for the desperate, and a last resort for the poor devil who is down on his luck." As a result of this sort of recruiting, last year's statistics showed that one in every ten of our soldiers deserted and one in every six was treated in hospital for diseases due to immorality—a sorry showing, as has been freely admitted by the Military Secretary and the Surgeon-General. The former, Gen. Ainsworth, saw no prospect of betterment ahead so long as the attitude of our people towards their military remains the same. What he and others probably have in mind is a change of public opinion, so that a deserter will rank with a burglar or forger; the coming of a time when the service of the Government will be considered sacrosanct because of a blind patriotic devotion to the flag. Something of this kind is still possible in time of war, but not during peace. Hence, Col. Larned would establish the army in the affections of the people by making its work remunerative and useful; his regiments, assembled in five or six posts, would be training-schools for making officers out of enlisted men—those discharged into civil life to receive certificates of eligibility for commissions in time of war.

Instead of demoralizing the soldier and rendering him unfit for steady work thereafter, Col. Larned's plan would restore him to civil life, "improved and developed mentally, morally, and physically—an orderly and conservative element in society." Certainly, such a change is needed. In the West, particularly, the average workingman looks on the soldier as a loafer who is unmanly enough to let another man "boss" him. To "soldier" has become a verb synonymous with shirk or laze, unjustly in view of the changes in army conditions since 1898; but the statistics we have quoted show that there is often good ground for suspecting those who have been in the ranks.

Of all the regeneration schemes we have yet seen, Col. Larned's is the best, but no officer can be found to-day who will admit that it is possible; and merely because of the great increase in pay called for, Congress would hardly consider it. Yet we doubt whether the scheme would long make a paradise of the army if it should be introduced tomorrow. To kill in cold blood and to stand the hardships of a campaign require, so some of Col. Larned's military critics will say, a rougher kind of schooling than that the dean of West Point has in mind. But, aside from the technical doubts which may be raised, the very facts upon which Col. Larned

dwells at the outset show how impossible it is to forecast what the attitude of the public toward armies will be fifty years hence. It may be much as it is to-day; or, if the movement towards peace progresses, as it must, the trade of killing may fall into greater and greater disfavor at home and abroad. The devotion of the Socialists to peace points in that direction. Moreover, as industrial competition increases, the popular dislike of economically unproductive labor like that of soldiers will steadily increase.

"SEE AMERICA FIRST."

"The committee of the Commercial Club having in charge arrangements for the 'See America First' Conference in this city, January 25 and 26," says an Associated Press dispatch from Salt Lake City of January 18, "announces that representation is now assured from all the trans-Mississippi States and from Duluth on the north to New Orleans on the south." This will convey to many persons the first information of a concerted movement to persuade them to see America before they go to Europe. It is a missionary enterprise intended to call Easterners to repentance. Any man who dwells beyond the Mississippi must necessarily see more or less of America before he can even set foot on a trans-Atlantic steamer. As a matter of fact, the Westerner who can afford to travel at all is fairly familiar with the cities of the East. It would be hard to find a successful business man in St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Denver, or San Francisco who is not entirely at home in Chicago, St. Louis, New York, and Philadelphia, and who has not "done" all the sights of Washington. Your prosperous Seattle lawyer or merchant makes less ado about coming to New York than your New Yorker makes about going to Buffalo or Cleveland.

That is why the West very justly calls the East provincial. The Western man has a far more accurate knowledge of the topography of this country, the agricultural and industrial products of the various sections, the appearance of cities and villages, the public institutions, and the temper of the inhabitants. The men who sit in comfortable clubs in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia often display an abysmal ignorance of the political issues which have provoked the Middle West into a white heat of indignation. Graduates of our Eastern universities are prone to speak with condescension and pity of the unfortunates who have never had any advantages beyond those offered by the State universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, Nebraska, and California—as if there were no civilization west of Elmira. From this type of bigotry the educated Westerner, with all his local enthusiasm and

his large talk of fertile soil and inexhaustible mines, is agreeably free.

The Western gospel will, we trust, carry conviction to the hearts of our effete sinners. The West has much to show us. The cities are bustling and interesting. To speak frankly, however, they are not the greatest thing which America has produced. Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Duluth have developed in the same period; they exhibit the same types of architecture, they have many other features in common. A few days in each of them will satisfy a sight-seer who might profitably spend months or years in ten of the leading European cities. Such Southern cities as Richmond, Charleston, St. Augustine, and New Orleans have more individuality and charm. Parts of New Orleans still breathe something of the air of a French provincial town. Denver in its mountain eyrie, Salt Lake City with its Mormon settlement, Helena and Butte surrounded by mining camps, Los Angeles in its semi-tropical splendor, San Francisco seated on the hills by the Golden Gate, guarded by the peak of Tamalpais, and trafficking with the Orient; Portland, lying near the Columbia; Tacoma and Seattle, with the magnificent snow-cap of Rainier, the jagged line of the Olympics, and Puget Sound to seize the eye from every point of outlook—each of these cities has its lesson for Americans who want to know their own land. On the glories of our natural scenery—Niagara Falls, Pike's Peak, the Garden of the Gods, the Yellowstone, the Grand Cañon, Yosemite, and all the rest—we need not dwell. Everybody knows that these sights draw visitors from Europe.

Why do so many Americans remain indifferent? Partly, no doubt, because, when they have time and money for travel, they want to turn to something wholly new—get out of the American atmosphere. In its art galleries, its public buildings, in every street of its ancient cities, Europe offers opportunities for enlargement of vision and of the sense of historical perspective, and for a development of the æsthetic tastes, which cannot be found this side of the Atlantic. For this reason many persons are content to see America last. Then, too, the sea-voyage itself is a strong attraction. A week or ten days on the ocean means for some people as much rest as a month of travel by train or even of life in the wilds. With rich and poor alike, these considerations weigh heavily in choosing between a trip to England or California.

But with the great mass of men who must reckon the cost carefully, the expense of travel in America is decisive. In six weeks or two months, the person who is willing to practise decent

economies gets more for his money in Europe than in the United States. A round trip ticket from New York to San Francisco costs, according to the route, between \$145 and \$163. A berth in the sleeper is about \$20 more; meals for five or six days on the train, at least \$3 a day. But for \$150, or perhaps less, one can secure very pleasant accommodations to Liverpool or a Continental port and return, including room and excellent meals. In its hotels Europe has an even greater advantage. Few of our cities can boast well-kept, clean comfortable, and at the same time low-priced hotels. A man travelling with his family must make up his mind that unless he can pay the bills at the best hotels, he must put up with inattention, poor cooking, and dirt.

These facts the Western missionary must not overlook if he is to succeed in his propaganda. He must induce the railways and the Pullman Company to lower their rates. The heavy cut for the Portland Exposition drew thousands to the Pacific Coast last summer, and steady low fares would doubtless prove a steady attraction. He must instantly improve his hotels. The work of reform may properly begin in the very place where the conference is to be held—Salt Lake City. Until the fares are lower and the hotels better and cheaper, conferences can accomplish little if anything.

ART FORGERIES IN MUSEUMS.

Prof. Adolf Furtwängler, the famous classical archaeologist, has lately given his impressions of an American trip in the unpleasing form of a list of our museums that have notably been taken in by art forgeries. In this category appear the Metropolitan Museum and the Field Columbian Museum of Chicago—both for "post-classical" terra-cottas; the Smithsonian Institution, for American antiques of recent fabrication; the University of Pennsylvania, for the large sprinkling of modern and spurious examples in the Somerville collection of carved gems. These revelations, which are only in part new, have been variously discussed by the authorities of the museums in question, but nobody has said very much to the point except a Chicago donor, who holds that the local collections, if not absolutely authentic, are as much so as a new institution had any right to expect; and Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, who declares that forgeries should by no means be excluded, but, when of excellent quality, should be exhibited as of the period in which they were made. This would involve, for example, classifying the "Oibia" gold crown presented to the Museum by Mr. Morgan as "Russian, XIXth cent., by Rukhomoski, the fabricator of the notorious tiara of Saltaphernes."

The merits of a view which errs, if at

all, on the side of liberality, we shall consider later. But it should be prefaced that the possession of art forgeries is discreditable neither to public nor private collector. They abound; they are often most skilfully made; they are sometimes patched up from the *disjecta membra* of genuine objects in a fashion to deceive the very elect. They are urged upon enthusiastic amateurs by dealers who combine in an extraordinary degree audacity and astuteness. No collector of any enterprise can fail thus to be taken in occasionally, and the curator who never snapped at this dubious sort of bargain would presumably be too timid to spend his annual appropriation. Moreover, museums often come into possession of these embarrassing exhibits by accepting gifts of entire collections which contain many desirable objects. So the Moore bequest at the Metropolitan Museum was in general an excellent acquisition, though every one of its Tanagra figurines is flagrantly modern. The practical questions for a director, then, are first how to keep forgeries out as much as possible, and next what to do with those that must inevitably slip in.

Here Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke's rather sweeping suggestion is welcome to the extent that it places the problem purely on an artistic basis, and declines to condemn the entire class of imitations on moral grounds. Evidently, if a forgery is of equal beauty with an original, it is equally available as an art exhibit, and needs merely, in the interest of historical accuracy, to be properly labelled and dated. Some collectors frankly take the ground that they buy what pleases them, and that age and authenticity are minor considerations. We know of a most enlightened picture buyer who had made an offer to a dealer for a "fifteenth-century" panel that was plainly the product of a cleverly managed Sieneese establishment. When this came to the dealer's notice, he promptly notified his customer, only to receive a renewal of the offer from a collector who was willing to waive the question of authenticity and abide by his taste. In certain cases this attitude is commendable. The South Kensington Museum did well to make a separate exhibit of the portrait busts by Bastiani; and anybody who has bought that true artist's work under the name of Donatello, Desiderio, or whatever early Renaissance sculptor you will, is lucky—if he has not paid a Donatello price. Similarly, a great part of the best Chinese porcelains might be classified as forgeries, since the potters imitated, generation by generation, not only the patterns, colors, and glazes of their predecessors, but also their marks.

Yet here one must distinguish between a genuine revival of an ancient style, or the faithful transmission of the

precedents of a craft, and fabrications made with intention to deceive. Because the *entrepreneurs* of Florence managed to catch in Bastiani an archaizer quite as sincere and gifted as, say, the late Burne-Jones, and the more recent employers of the master craftsman Rukhomoski have been lucky in their man, it does not follow that the mass of art forgeries are works of art. That they seldom are. The counterfeit Diazes, Michels, Monticellis, Corots that pass through our auction rooms are of generally contemptible, at best of merely specious, quality. The superficial gracefulness of the modern Tanagra statuettes is essentially cheap as compared with the real distinction of the rare genuine examples. The Japanese version of an ancient Chinese porcelain is never quite true in texture and color. That they are in most instances indistinguishable from the original to an untrained eye proves nothing. The art of a thing depends upon ultimate and frequently incommensurable refinements. The duty of museums is to train the eye to perceive these distinctions, not to efface them under a mantle of false catholicity.

It cannot be too strongly stated that most forgeries are not art of any period. Any apparent merit they may possess is merely a reflection—a dilution of the quality of some fine original. Even the marvellous intaglios which Prince Poniatowski had cut, to the confusion of collectors, are no more to be compared to good Greek gems than the decorative art of the French Empire is to be compared to that of Rome and Egypt from which it was derived. Exceptional circumstances may warrant the honorable exhibition of these falsifications; in general, the only proper course to take with them is that of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts—put them into an appropriate Botany Bay; show them for the pretences they are, as a lesson in humility to experts and as a warning to untutored enthusiasts.

FOGAZZARO'S 'THE SAINT.'

ALASSIO, December, 1905.

The literary event of the year in Italy has beyond doubt been the publication of Fogazzaro's novel, 'Il Santo.' The author, after many years in which he was known only to the few, has become in the general estimation one of the three writers who, each in his own way and degree, may be said to stand as representatives of the literature of modern Italy—the other two, it is scarcely necessary to say, being Carducci and Gabriele d'Annunzio. It is a matter of course that the publishers should seek to make a good thing out of their author's present popularity; never before have I known a village bookseller to solicit orders before publication.

*'Il Santo: Romanzo.' 10^e migliao. Milan: Rizzoli, Castoldi & Co.; New York: Lenox & Buchner. (1905), 1906.

and, especially as the 5th of November drew near, the newspapers stimulated curiosity by the indiscretions familiar in other lands, with the result that the copy handed to me a day or two after that date bore on the title-page the words "8° migliaia." But it has been owing to the book itself, and to the eagerness of the discussion that it excites, that the subsequent sale has been almost, if not quite, unprecedented.

That is to say, the show to which this modest drum-beating has invited us, exceeds expectations—it is really of an unusual order. As Arturo Graf, in the *Nuova Antologia*, said: "Three books in one: a book of faith, a book of battle, and a novel." 'Piccolo Mondo Moderno,' after 'Piccolo Mondo Antico,' had not led us to look for, as a close to the trilogy, a work which, on a higher plane than its two immediate predecessors, is of a more intense interest, and is perhaps the master work of the artist. The *Saint* is Pietro Maironi, who, after the vacillations, the questionings, the restless discontent of which 'Piccolo Mondo Moderno' is full, at the end—after a vision, wherein his future life as a servant of God is revealed to him—accepts his vocation, and disappears from the world that has known him heretofore.

In the present volume he reappears, under the name of Benedetto, as a saint of the well-known mediæval type, as far as outward seeming is concerned. He macerates his body by fasting and by menial toil; he spends nights on the mountain-side, in prayer, chilled by the winds and drenched by the rain. Ignoring the position conferred on him by his birth and culture, he is the lowliest of the lowly, the servant of the poorest. Saint Simeon Stylites might have mistaken him for a brother.

And yet he is more than a mere ascetic striving to atone for his sins. In the intensity of his love for his fellow-man he is more akin to Saint Francis. But, together with the love of a Saint Francis, the burning aspiration toward purity of a Saint Simeon, the humility of any saint of the martyrology, he has somehow fused the culture of to-day. One would have said that if such an anomaly as a modern saint be possible, he must be sought for among the poor in spirit, the meek, the lowly, who are also the ignorant—unsophisticated by any illumination of science. But while the teachings of Benedetto thrill with the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount, he recognizes that the theory of Evolution may explain the history of the human race, or that right living is more important than right belief. Indeed, in matter of belief his tenderness covers all sorts of errors, from skepticism on one side to superstition on the other. In a remarkable passage among his last utterances, after admonishing his followers to adore above all the truth, and to teach "that there is no truth hostile to God, nor contrary to His law," he adds, "But watch with equal care lest the children taste the food of their elders. Do not be offended with an impure or imperfect faith where the life is pure and the conscience healthy." All this may seem to you scarcely noteworthy, living in a land where varieties of belief are almost as numerous as are believers, nor would it seem remarkable in any cultivated layman of Italy; but such doctrine is scarcely taught by priests, and least of

all by ascetics. This saint, however, is moved by a lofty spirituality that takes small account of outward form and dogma, and clings solely to what is essential and eternal in religion. And what gives to his spirituality its greatest force is that it is fused with a passionate tenderness for his fellow-man; it constrains the reader who lets himself be borne along by the noble fervor that animates Benedetto.

Still, sooner or later, the wonder arises why one whose vision is so clear should waste his force in mortifications of the flesh—why he did not see that they are worse than useless; why his culture, his spirituality, his reason—one hesitates to call it common sense—did not from the very beginning make these aberrations impossible. The book offers a number of questions for solution. I shall try to answer some of them in my own way, though hesitatingly, as I am not sure of understanding rightly. A second reading might modify more or less my conclusions. It seems to me now that, whatever the contradiction involved between Benedetto's teachings and practice, the book would have failed of its purpose without that apparent contradiction.

But first let us inquire what that purpose is. This is not the least perplexing of the questions suggested by the book. At first I thought, like nearly everybody who has read it, that it was an effort to promote greater spirituality in the Catholic Church, a return to the purity and simplicity of apostolic days, and at the same time to bring it into harmony with the accepted truths of modern science that have long been estranging from it the laity. It is by no means new to us that this double cause is dear to Fogazzaro's heart, and in these days the wind everywhere blows that way. It is frequently said that this wind comes from across the Atlantic, and it may be so; at all events it is felt in every country of Europe—most of all, perhaps, in France, where even the clergy, even the higher clergy, seems to be deeply affected by it, and least in Germany, largely because the "Old Catholic" movement affords a refuge for many of the discontented. In Austria, Father Vogrinec (I am not sure of the orthography of the name, as I draw my information from an Italian source) has published a book upon the causes of the decadence of the Roman Catholic Church, and the remedies therefor, which approaches its subject in quite another manner from that of Fogazzaro's Saint. Benedetto's light is always "with grace divine imbued," while Father Vogrinec would seem to be of those who call a spade a spade, and proposes definite and bold reforms—that of religious teaching and of the catechism, the abolition of clerical celibacy and of the obligation of fasting, a more active participation of the laity in the administration of the Church, a reform of the worship of the saints and of relics, the admission of more non-Italians into the Government of the universal church, etc. The book was promptly put upon the Index, as had been those of the Abbé Loisy and of the German professors Schell of Würzburg and Müller of Baden. Father Vogrinec, like his predecessors, declared his submission to the ecclesiastical authorities.

In Italy the movement has the same general character that it has in France; it

aims at a more rational catholicism, a faith that does not ignore modern science; at the same time it does not assert itself so strongly, but is marked by a certain conservatism which rather resembles timidity. Fogazzaro's Saint may be said to be fairly representative of the Italian spirit of reform. His teachings are noble and persuasive—indeed, they could scarcely be otherwise when delivered in such melodious prose; but they have nothing of the sharpness of attack in them. Perhaps it is for this that, contrary to general expectation, the book has not yet been put upon the Index. Or perhaps it is because a kindred sentiment has begun to penetrate the precincts of the Vatican: there are indications—faint, often obscured, but recurrent—that the stronghold of obsolete faiths and practices is being invaded by modern ideas.

Still, there are plenty of evidences in this book that Fogazzaro does not expect much encouragement from that quarter. At the house of Giovanni Selva, the layman whose writings teach the renewed faith and the new exegesis, there is held a meeting of friends, mostly priests, of similar views to his own; but among them there is an informer, and, as a result, one after another, every priest who was present is made to feel the wrath of his superiors—extinguished, so to speak. In fact, the higher clergy are continually represented in any but favorable colors. We have them arrogant, worldly, intolerant, place-seekers, politicians, and not scrupulous ones either. Even the Pope—whose figure as drawn here reminds one of a beautiful statue illuminated from within—who strongly impresses us with his dignity, his gentleness, sweetness, and purity, reveals himself as much a statesman as a priest; he cannot govern his church according to the ideas of the saints, who are few, when he must always have an eye to the scribes and pharisees, who are many. He is glad to serve Benedetto in a particular matter, but he cannot hope to satisfy him completely until they shall meet, as indeed he trusts they will, in another world.

No, Fogazzaro makes it clear that the struggle for a purified faith can look for little sympathy in a church governed as this is. He makes it so clear that for a while I was convinced that the purpose of his book was to show that he despaired of reform from within; that the many laymen and the handful of ecclesiastics who desired such a thing would find in the end that they must do as previous reformers have done—find another church for themselves. For it is not only the higher clergy, the scribes and pharisees, who will not hear of change; what can be done with the ignorant herd, steeped in superstition, who throng after the Saint so long as they believe that he can heal their sick, save their crops from blight, or their cattle from disease, but are ready to stone him as an impostor the moment they begin to doubt his supernatural powers? Or the cultured classes, whose members are contemptuous or idly curious where they are not openly hostile? Or the civil power, outwardly estranged from the Vatican, but secretly bartering political services with it, and accepting any pretext to sacrifice Benedetto to his enemies? What is to be done in a world that is not only incapable of understanding what it is to "hunger after righteousness," but is

dead to every noble emotion? Superstition, indifference, and corruption are of course hostile to all spirituality, whether within or without the church. It is only because Benedetto and those who share his convictions wish to remain within that the seeming impossibility of persuading their superiors makes their case appear so hopeless.

Finally, however, I return to the original belief. A little leaven may leaven the lump, and many scattered indices assure me that Benedetto (or Fogazzaro, as you will) believes in the final triumph of the cause that he advocates. The sheep will not be constrained to leave the fold in order to gain the green pastures and still waters for which they long—the fold will be enlarged, its old barriers thrown down; but meanwhile the sheep should bide in patience the time of the Good Shepherd. "What faith is yours if you talk of leaving the church because certain antiquated doctrines of its chiefs offend you, certain decrees of the Roman congregations, certain directions of the government of the Holy Father?" The great church is the great body of the faithful who believe in God, and this remains unchanged, no matter what may be the errors of its rulers.

But to return to our first question. It is asked again and again: Why should this modern—cultivated and a man of the world—go back in his practice to the obsolete superstitions of the Middle Ages? Why should he emaciate his body with fastings and vigils, why waste his hours in unworthy toil, why refuse the love that is offered him and that he might accept without blame? Would his teachings be any the less pure and noble were he in the enjoyment of the advantages that were his by birth, and his life enriched by the love of a woman who was his equal in qualities of mind and heart? I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that the rationale of this saint is primarily a question of art. A comfortable bourgeois preaching reform, what is he to the artist alongside of the "voice crying in the wilderness" of a new John the Baptist? But our author has had other and more potent reasons. He has in Giovanni Selva given us the layman who approaches the questions of reform from the intellectual side. His figure is a noble one, but, although a Catholic, he is only a layman, and in that sense an outsider to the church. But Benedetto, though not a priest, has the authority of one at the centre of its organization. Who so fit to preach a revival of faith from within as an *illuminato*, stamped with the recognized signs of a divine mission? If Selva be the regenerating mind, Benedetto is the heart, and a heart that beats so strongly and truly that it ought to compel the body to which it belongs to a sounder life.

The book is an epitome of the religious convictions and aspirations which the author has embodied in his previous works, and which remain always the same, only matured, widened, and quickened by a more profound humanity. It is the consummate fruit of a lifetime of growth. And it is also a novel. As such, after the first chapter, in which is felt a certain artificiality, as if the author were not yet quite at ease in his machinery, it seems to me to possess a unity, an intensity of life, that should put it into the foremost rank, if not at the head

of his creations. It is not only the climax of a trilogy; it has the finality and solemnity of the crowning work of a life. The humor, without which Fogazzaro would not be Fogazzaro, is there, but it is chastened, and alternately either severer or tenderer than heretofore. For vividness of portraiture and humor the pages describing the meeting at Selva's house, the ladies who listened surreptitiously to Benedetto's teachings, and the interviews with the representatives of the civil power are among the most brilliant of our author. I have heard one or two speak of *lungaggini*, but I have not found them myself, and I suspect that they exist only for those who are not quite in sympathy with the spirit of the book.

The opposition that 'Il Santo' arouses is as a declaration of religious convictions rather than as a work of art. The radical, anti-clerical or anti-religious, and the sects of the scribes and the pharisees in their entirety, pour out vials of wrath upon it. And yet the number of its readers is always increasing, and the many who feel the need of a purified faith, or of informing their faith with reason, will find it full of suggestion. As Edouard Rod wrote in the *Figaro*, this is one of the books that most lend themselves to criticism, and best resist it. Whatever may be its effect upon the visible Church, if any, it is a distinct gain for the invisible one which reigns in the hearts of all good men. S. K.

THE MOZART FAMILY IN PARIS.

PARIS, January 4, 1906.

The journey of Mozart, father of the immortal musician, to Paris is one of the curious episodes in the life of the eighteenth century in the French capital. The collection of portraits by Carmontelle placed by the Duke d'Aumale in the château of Chantilly, and now under the care of the French Institute, is an admirable illustration of the elegant society of the time. Carmontelle was not a first-rate artist, but he had a great feeling for color and a sort of genius for catching the true likeness of his models. In one of his beautiful colored drawings we have an exact portrait of Mozart, the father, and his two children, whom he had taken to the Duke de Chartres, at the Palais-Royal. The father is in a red coat with red culottes, the daughter in a flowered white gown, the little Wolfgang in a beautiful blue coat adorned with white lace. In the centre of the group, the young Wolfgang is on a chair before a piano; the father, behind him, plays on a violin; the young daughter is represented singing. This picture has been reproduced in a good engraving by Delafosse. There is a photograph of the original aquarelle of Chantilly in the fine volume published by M. Gruyer on Carmontelle's portraits in the Musée Condé.

The father of Mozart arrived with his wife and his young family in Paris in November, 1763. He wrote to a friend in December: "We are arrived and lodged in the house of the Bavarian Ambassador, Count von Eyck, who received us in the most friendly manner, and had prepared for us a room where we are very comfortably installed; an advantage which we owe to the recommendation of the family of the Countess von Eyck." France al-

ways entertained most friendly relations with the elector of Bavaria. Count von Eyck inhabited the Hôtel de Beauvais, one of the most magnificent houses at the time in Paris, between the Rue St. Antoine and the Rue de Jouy. There remains of it now only the façade, which is much mutilated, a little court, and a fine staircase. The Bavarian envoy was of Flemish origin; his real name was Van Eycken; he leased the lower part of this hôtel to bankers (if the name is applicable), who made of it a gaming establishment. The protection of a person who made such an extraordinary and lucrative use of his diplomatic privileges, was not the best that Leopold Mozart could choose to introduce himself and his children into the great French families and the Court of Versailles. He had, fortunately, many letters of introduction—to the Austrian Ambassador, to several important members of the French aristocracy.

He had made the journey to Paris in the hope of reaping a small fortune. While he was spending his time in ante-chambers, his wife and children visited the churches and the monuments of Paris. Young Wolfgang took much pleasure in the amusements of the boulevards, which were as animated at the time as they are nowadays. In the evening hours he played the piano and repeated the various airs which he had already composed. Four days after his arrival in Paris he began to write his second sonata for the pianoforte. He had brought with him another sonata, which he left interrupted. We have in a quarto album published at Salzburg in 1873 ('Salzburger Mozart-Album') a facsimile reproduction of the *andante* which began this unfinished sonata. M. Doumic, who has written interesting articles on the youth of Mozart, infers from this sonata that he was careless. "After a first line written with much care, the notes by and by become uneven and get mixed, the bass notes marking the measures are thrown in at random, till on the third line the tired hand of the child makes an error in indicating the passages which are to be repeated, and makes nervous corrections." Nevertheless, the musical motive has its clear and definitive form; it is perfect. It is because, during his whole life, from his earliest youth till the end of his too short career, Mozart always composed in his head, and wrote his notes on paper only after his idea had attained in his mind its complete and harmonious form. He did not need the physical excitement of writing; the material part of the work was to him only an annoyance and a fatigue.

This *andante* is entirely free from the musical traditions which were current at the time. It is a specimen of what we can only call the Mozartian manner, a pure flow of melody, without anything artificial. It may be supposed that the young boy began it at Brussels, immediately after having composed his first sonata, while he was waiting to be presented to the Archduke Charles and to give his first concert.

The *Mercur de France* of the month of May, 1763, announced the publication in Paris of "Six Sonatas for the Clavecin" by J. G. Eckard. This Eckard had already been several years in Paris; he was a compatriot of Leopold Eckart. His work was probably presented to young Mozart as a model; his sonatas have still the left-

hand accompaniments which were used at the time, which are very mechanical, and play, so to speak, no other part than to make a sort of tremulous noise. This system, which went under the name of "basse d'Alberti," had been adopted by Eckard as being in accord with the French fashion, but he was well acquainted with the works of the two Bachs, and their influence is felt in his sonatas.

The letters which Leopold Mozart brought with him were not honored with replies for a long time; at last, he was received by Melchior Grimm. Grimm had arrived at Paris in 1749, at the age of twenty-five, and had gradually made his way in society. He belonged to the coterie of the Philosophers. He received Leopold Mozart and his young son, and as soon as he saw the little Wolfgang he took an interest in him:

"This M. Grimm, my great friend," writes Leopold Mozart, "is a very learned man and a great philanthropist. He, and he alone, has done everything for us. See what a man who has intelligence and a good heart is capable of. A German from Ratisbon, he has been in Paris for more than fifteen years; he understands marvellously how to arrange everything in the way in which it must perforce succeed, when he has resolved that it shall."

Grimm's correspondence begins on the 1st of December with a great eulogy on young Mozart; it has often been cited as the most important document we possess regarding Mozart's first visit to Paris: "True prodigies are rare enough to make it obligatory on us to mention them when we have occasion to see them. . . . What a pity," he says, "that people should know so little about music in this country!" This letter was a sort of circular, and was sent to many people. A new life began for the Mozart family; they were invited to many places. We read in the letters of the father, on the 8th of December: "To-morrow, a sitting with the Marchioness of Villeroy and at the Countess of Lillebonne's." They certainly appeared at the house of Madame d'Épinay, the great friend of Grimm; at the Baron d'Holbach's, whose wife was a musician; at the houses of the farmers-general. Young Mozart was presented at the Palais-Royal. If he was not heard by the Duke de Chartres, who was then sixteen years old, he was by his sister, to whom he dedicated, two years afterwards, a rondeau. It was at the Palais-Royal that Carmentelle saw him and made the charming aquarelle in which he was represented. During the stay of the Mozarts in Paris, they received visits from the three best performers on the piano of the moment, Le Grand, Eckard, and Schobert, who, says a letter of Mozart the father, "paid homage to the children for their engraved sonatas." Le Grand was the organist of the Abbey of Saint-Germain-des-Prés. Eckard was a native of Augsburg; he was at the same time a painter, decorating small boxes, after the fashion of the time, with little miniatures, and employing his savings in printing sonatas of his composition. "The most honest man in the world," says Leopold Mozart of him. Schobert was a native of Silesia; he was pianist of the house of Conti, and had achieved great success already by his sonatas.

The great object of Leopold Mozart's ambition was to present his children at the court of Versailles. He remained there for two weeks. He had promised the Archbish-

op of Salzburg to send him a detailed account of his reception; this document, unfortunately, has never been found, though it probably still exists; and we find no trace of this event in the French letters or memoirs of the time. There is only this mention in the books of Papillon de la Ferté, who kept an account of the expenses of the court: "On the 12th of February, by order of Mesdames, fifty louis to a child who played the piano before them." We have, however, some confused details in the letters of Leopold Mozart to his friends, the Hagenauers. His descriptions are very glowing. He sees in the Royal Chapel the King and his family, he attends the midnight mass. "There before me was that court whose renown fills the universe." He gives details respecting the music of the chapel. There were four princesses at Versailles, very fond of music—the Queen, the Dauphiness, Madame Adelaide, and her sister Madame Victoire. Mozart's children played before the Queen, but no trace is left of the details of the concert. A great event for the Mozart family was the *Grand Couvert*, where they approached the royal family.

"The Queen's daughters, on seeing my children, came near them, and not only allowed them to kiss their hands, but kissed them themselves repeatedly. At the *Grand Couvert* on New Year's Day they made room for us behind the royal table, and saw my Wolfgang stay, all the time, behind the Queen, kissing her hands, and eating the *friandises* which she took for him from the royal table. The Queen speaks German as well as we do; and, as the King does not know a word of it, the Queen translated to him all our little hero said."

The child, when he returned to his modest room in an inn, continued to work, to perform and to write music. These details would be very trifling if it was not a question of Mozart; but nothing can be uninteresting about this wonderful genius. Did France and the glories of Versailles have any influence on his development? This influence may perhaps be found in the two sonatas which he conceived and probably wrote during the five months which he spent in Paris.

Correspondence.

NATIONAL REGULATION OF STATE REBATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If it is such a terrible evil that railroads should give rebates or discriminate between shippers that the Federal Government ought to proceed at once to stamp it out, why are not State rebates a similar terrible evil that should be similarly stamped out? By "State rebates" is meant the total or partial remission of taxes by the State or some municipality therein for the purpose of inducing a particular individual, firm, or corporation to establish an industry in a particular locality. There would seem to be no difference in essence or principle between a rebate or discrimination in railroad rates and a rebate or discrimination in public taxation. These municipal rebates are, if the writer is not mistaken, sanctioned by statutes and upheld by the courts. The municipalities exercise this power of rebate and discrimination, because they find,

like the railroads, that it is good "business" to do so.

The writer is not undertaking to defend either evil, but merely to point out that they appear to be essentially the same thing.

ROBERT S. MINOT.

Boston, January 15, 1906.

THE ELECTION OF REPRESENTATIVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial of January 11, on the "Automatic Tariff Brake," attributes to "the fathers" the system whereby the second session of Congress is too short for legislation and the first or long session is hampered by the impending election; whereby Congressmen meet for the first time thirteen months after their election, and for their second session after their successors have been chosen. The curious thing about this noxious arrangement is precisely the fact that it is not inherited from the days when defective transportation might seem to have made such delays inevitable; it is not the result of filial piety, but of self-immolation. The fact seems to be generally forgotten that, before the civil war, ten of the fifteen slave States and five of the eighteen free States followed the sensible plan of electing their Congressmen in the odd year. A man was elected, served, and went before his constituents again with his record complete. Connecticut clung to this system until 1873, Oregon and California until 1875, and New Hampshire until 1877. It was done away with, doubtless, on the plea of economy, and with the object of preventing its disintegrating effects on party organization.

That we should be laboring under so dangerous an anachronism, when the Constitution so wisely left us free to choose, is, to say the least, a misfortune. It is to be hoped that this matter will not be overlooked by those who are preparing to face the difficulties of a constitutional amendment in order to change the date of the inauguration, simply for the convenience of a pageant.

G. R. FISH.

MADISON, WIS., January 18, 1906.

SLOVENLY SPEAKING OF ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The synopsis of Prof. Blackburn's recent address to the Central Division of the Modern Language Association of America, as given in your issue of January 11, encourages me to write to you on the same theme—the deterioration of spoken English in the United States.

A generation ago, the children of carefully educated parents were diligently corrected in their every-day speech; slang phrases, errors of construction, mispronunciations, indistinct enunciation, nasal intonation and shrill pitch, as fast as they were brought into the family circle from outside contact or from the speech of servants, were rooted out swiftly and effectually. Our heritage from Chaucer, that "well of English undefyled," early became a sacred possession, to be handed on to the next generation as clear and wholesome as it had come to us. Our pride in our old New England ancestry made it imperative for us to keep our tongues uncontaminated by the speech of the vulgar. How is it, that, with such training, such

holy traditions of duty and dignity, we stand powerless or struggle hopelessly against the tidal wave of coarse, slovenly, low-bred language, which is swallowing up our children in its flood? Must we see the dear English of former days swept under to destruction? Or is it possible we are in the wrong? Are we "too particular?"

Professor Blackburn's suggestions by way of remedy are good, except in one provision: yet that one is all. Where shall we find the teachers, who "may do much" to restore to our children their lost inheritance? Not in Chicago's schools. Here, I can assure him, he will find dozens of schools in which not one teacher is capable of setting an example of pure and beautiful speech. Let him visit, also, our great high schools, with their marble wainscoting, tiled floors, improved fire-escapes, generously equipped gymnasium and laboratories worthy of the best colleges; he will find in each perhaps one or two noble women, bred back in old New England, who are really fit to carry the torch of enlightenment to—fifteen hundred students! A scant half-dozen more, men and women, use the best quality of Western speech; we are thankful for them. But the count has not reached ten righteous ones.

I appeal to the Nation: How is the case in New England itself? Some of us are sending our sons and daughters East to college, hoping thus to repair in some measure the damage done by sheer force of numbers in this huge, prosperous Philistia. Is our confidence well-placed? Shall we receive them back cleansed, purified?

SARAH WILLARD HIESTAND.

CHICAGO, January 16, 1906.

[Measurably, perhaps, except in the article of *shall* and *will*.—ED. NATION.]

MACAULAY'S NEW ZEALANDER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your review of Mr. Macmillan Brown's 'Samson Agonistes of Milton' and other works, and your reference to him as a new New Zealander, brings Macaulay's famous character to the fore once again. His genesis, so far as I know, has never been fully established, and I submit the following *mémoires pour servir*, trusting they may be utilized in some literary laboratory.

Peter Cunningham claims for Horace Walpole the first suggestion of the New Zealander. In a letter to Sir Horace Mann, dated November 24, 1774, Walpole wrote:

"Don't tell me I am grown old and peevish and supercilious—name the geniuses of 1774, and I submit. The great Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and, in time, a Virgil at Morocco, and a Newton at Peru. At last, some curious traveller from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra; but am I not prophesying, contrary to my consummate prudence, and casting horoscopes of empires like Rousseau?" (Walpole's Works, Cunningham's ed., vol. vi., p. 153.)

Here the traveller comes from Peru, and not from New Zealand. In 1780 there was published 'Poems by a Young Nobleman of Distinguished Abilities, lately deceased, describing particularly the State of England and the once flourishing City of London, in a letter from an American Traveller,

dated from the Ruinous Portico of St. Paul's in the year 2199, to a friend settled in Boston, the Metropolis of the Western Empire.' The poems were written by Lord Lyttelton, the "wicked Lord Lyttelton," and dated March 21, 1771.

The admirers of Gibbon can make a fairly good case for him as the creator of the New Zealander. The claim would be based on the following:

"If, in the neighborhood of the commercial and literary town of Glasgow, a race of cannibals has really existed, we may contemplate, in the period of the Scottish history, the opposite extremes of savage and civilized life. Such reflections tend to enlarge the circle of our ideas, and to encourage the hope that New Zealand may produce, in some future age, the Hume of the Southern Hemisphere." ('Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' Bury's ed., viii., p. 44. The volume was published in 1781.)

The next and last "original source" of the famous passage is the essay in Ranke's 'History of the Popes,' in Sismondi's 'Literature of the South of Europe,' published in 1813:

"Who may say that Europe itself, whither the empire of letters and science has been transported; which sheds so brilliant a light; which forms so correct a judgment of the past, and which compares so well the successive reigns of the literature and manners of antiquity, shall not, in a few ages, become as wild and deserted as the hills of Mauritania, the sands of Egypt, and the valleys of Anatolia? Who may say that in some new land, perhaps in those lofty regions whence the Orinoco and the river of the Amazons have their source, or perhaps in the impregnable fastnesses of New Holland, nations with other manners, other languages, other thoughts, and other religions, shall not arise once more to renew the human race, and to study the past as we have studied it; nations who, hearing with astonishment of our existence, that our knowledge was as extensive as their own, and that we, like themselves, placed our trust in the stability of fame, shall pity our impotent efforts, and recall the names of Newton, of Racine, and of Tasso, as examples of the vain struggles of man to snatch that immortality of glory which fate has refused to bestow." (Vol. I., Roscoe's translation, p. 75.)

The passage has the flowing eloquence of Macaulay himself, and has in it almost every idea that is expressed by the great *Edinburgh Reviewer*. But no matter where he first got his idea, it is now Macaulay's, for,

"Though old the thought,
And oft expressed,
'Tis his at last
Who says it best."

ALFALFA YOUNG.

SALT LAKE CITY, January 11, 1906.

Notes.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, announce that they will issue immediately a new edition of the Baroness von Suttner's famous, almost epoch-making, book, 'Ground Arms' ('Die Waffen Nieder'), issued by them some years ago, and now out of print. The recent award of the Nobel Peace Prize to the author for the influence her book had in bringing about the Hague Tribunal, has led to inquiries from all quarters for the story. The new edition will be in inexpensive form, and will be ready about the first of February.

A Stockholm correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin, by the way, ex-

presses surprise that the Nobel awards are constantly becoming smaller. At the first distribution they amounted to 150,782 kronen, but this year they have been reduced to 138,089. The Swedish papers doubt the wisdom of leaving to the Norwegians the determination of the peace prize, as the Storting, which has control of the matter, might use its power for illegitimate purposes, and the demand is made that the regulations of the Swedish Central Commission be thoroughly revised. The income from the Nobel endowments, according to the latest reports, was 1,378,000 kronen; but the expense of management has been so great that less than one-half of this sum has been distributed in prizes. It is charged that the board recently purchased a building to be used solely for the Fund and its work at a cost of 100,000 kronen in excess of what it had been offered for a few months previously.

A posthumous work of the late Henry Demarest Lloyd, entitled 'Man, the Social Creator,' will be published in March by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Henry Holt & Co. will shortly have ready 'Rahab,' a poetic drama, by Richard Burton, and 'Immigration, and its Effect upon the United States,' by Prescott F. Hall, first of a series to be denominated "American Public Problems."

A quite different series is announced by Harper & Bros., the "Mark Twain Library of Humor," edited by Mr. Clemens himself, who will now show whether such a collection will fare better at his hands than poetry at Emerson's as an anthologist.

'The Way of an Indian,' text and illustrations by Frederic Remington, will be brought out next month by Fox, Duffield & Co.

'The Later Works of Titian' and 'The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood' will be the next addition to Newnes's pictorial "Art Library," which bears the American imprint of Frederick Warne & Co.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce a limited edition of Franklin's Autobiography, printed under the direction of Mr. Bruce Rogers, and illustrated with famous portraits in photogravure.

A new historical romance by Henryk Sienkiewicz, 'On the Field of Glory,' is being published by Little, Brown & Co.

A 'Deutsches Liederbuch für Amerikanische Studenten,' words and music, compiled by Prof. A. R. Hohlfeld of the University of Wisconsin, is in the press of D. C. Heath & Co.

Macmillan Co. will issue immediately Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' with the poet's own explanatory notes.

The Oxford University Press (H. Frowde) is about to issue 'Scenes from Old Play-books,' arranged for schools and youthful readers, as an introduction to Shakspeare, by Percy Simpson, the only notes being stage notes, and these lavishly supplied, together with a glossary.

According to a report in the *Globe* a collection of Russian popular fables is being made in Siberia under the direction of W. F. Bulgakoff, who is to edit the work and carry it through the press. The materials are being carefully collected, those engaged in the work being directed to give only the fables reported by recognized raconteurs, to report them in the original peasant dialects, and to note correctly the

exact localities where these fables are current.

The time of annuals is upon us, and a welcome awaits the current 'Whitaker's Peerage' (tenth year) and 'Whitaker's Almanack' (thirty-eighth year) for 1906 (London: J. Whitaker & Sons). The editors of the "directory of titled persons" speak of the unabated flow of promotions, requiring as much space as the mention of new honors. They have fixed, in their alphabetical arrangement of compound names like Leveson-Gower and Naylor-Leland, upon the practice of entry by the second name, but with cross-references. We may remind our readers that unusual pronunciations are indicated, as in the case of the first of the above instances; also, that a necrology, abbreviations, and modes of addressing persons of title are part of the regular apparatus of 'Whitaker's Peerage.' The 'Almanack' needs fewer words. Its preëminence corresponds with its age and familiarity. The present issue revives a directory of the towns and counties of England and Wales, and (American tourists may take notice) enlarges its article on British health and holiday resorts.

We have also on our table the second issue of the 'Exporters' Cyclopædia,' "containing full and authentic information relative to shipments for every country in the world" (New York: Exporters' Cyclopædia Co.), with its index of countries and ports, its list of countries reached by routes from Atlantic and Gulf ports, etc.; the seventh issue of the 'Architects' Directory and Specification Index' (W. T. Comstock), with its list of architects, and (a new feature) of the Building Departments of various cities, with their personnel; the twentieth issue of the 'American Annual of Photography,' copiously illustrated; and finally (we have been tardy with this) the seventh issue of 'The Medical Directory of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut,' published by the New York State Medical Association of this city. It embraces no fewer than 15,472 names.

The fifth issue of Miss Florence V. Levy's 'American Art Annual' offers the usual encyclopædic features—complete lists of artists, sales, prices, and the like; and this year registers for the first time the rapidly growing municipal art societies, and even the cities that contain architectural monuments of some importance. Something like twenty illustrations, chosen mostly from prize pictures and important mural paintings of the year, are a solace for the hard-pressed journalist who must constantly use this excellent manual for severer purposes of reference. It is published by the American Art Annual (Incorporated) at No. 20 West Thirty-fourth Street.

From the Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde) we have received two small but interesting volumes of Wordsworthiana. The first, 'Wordsworth's Literary Criticism,' contains practically all of his prose writing of a critical nature, his prefaces, his essay upon epitaphs, certain familiar letters touching on literary matters, and his "opinions expressed in conversation with his nephew and biographer." The selections are interesting, as showing a subtlety as well as a shrewdness of critical faculty. Read consecutively, they convey a peculiar impression of independence, fresh air, and wholesomeness.

The second volume is a reprint of a manuscript volume of 'Poems and Extracts' chosen by William Wordsworth for an album presented to Lady Mary Lowther, Christmas, 1819. The bulk of the pieces are by Wordsworth's favorite, Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, better known to her true lovers as "Ardelia"; but twenty-three other poets are represented, ranging from Webster to William Mickel, and from Shakspeare to Lætitia Pilkington. Diverse as the sources are, the poems are homogeneous in a certain intensity of moral inspiration; and in their choice and arrangement a very sensitive taste is displayed. Wordsworth's introductory sonnet does not greatly overpraise them:

"Genuine crystals, pure as those that pave
The azure brooks where Dian joys to lave
Her spotless limbs."

The past year witnessed the completion of the great labor undertaken in 1900 by Prof. Attilio Pagliani, librarian of the University of Genoa, in his 'Catalogo Generale della Libreria Italiana dall' anno 1847 a tutto il 1899' (Milan: Associazione Tipografica-Libraria Italiana; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). This list of works published in the peninsula during the past half-century is as unpretentious as it is meritorious. It furnishes, as we have often pointed out, an interesting series of judgments by the Italian public of the writers of other nations. In the concluding instalments (Parts 32, 33), for example, we observe the overwhelming popularity of Jules Verne—still active—as shown in two pages of titles of his translated works; even Virgil fills no more than two and a half; Zola needs less than one. On the other hand, Uhland, as a whole, has been neglected since 1847 by the translators. Wordsworth has had not one; the only Wordsworth in the 'Catalogo' is Christopher. Cardinal Wiseman still excites a living interest. The strength of the Vasari revival is noteworthy. Seven pages are given up to anonymous lives (*Vita*).

The Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* states that none of the smaller nationalities of Europe is so zealous and systematic in its efforts to develop and strengthen an independent literature as are the Finns. Amid great difficulties and by tireless energy and industry a Finnish literature has been created which is constantly growing and attaining ever higher reaches of culture. The rich contents of this literature can be best seen from a publication of the Finnish Literature Society, called the Fifth Supplementary Volume, and edited by Valfrid Vassenius, which contains, in 473 pages, an alphabetical and systematic account of all the works published in Finnish between 1896 and 1900. Much of this is naturally translations, and in consequence the translators are given in a special rubric; but the original Finnish literature still makes a very commendable showing.

One of the most flourishing of the learned societies in the Netherlands is the Friesch Genootschap of Leeuwarden. The seventy-sixth report of this body (J. R. Miedema & Co.) shows how rich have been recent accessions to its library and museum—the latter probably one of the best in Europe for the study of the Continental peoples making up the English nation. The characteristic feature of the landscape in Friesland, Groningen, and Drenthe, apart from the *hunebedden*, or "giants' graves," made of boulders, gathered and arranged

by human labor, are the *terpen*. These are mounds of clay reared by primitive man for refuge from the floods. Until the days of agricultural chemistry, they were looked upon by the farmer and landowner much as warts and pimples are upon the face. In recent days, scientifically educated cultivators cut them down and sell the fertilizing clay and loam to enrich the adjacent poor and sandy soil. Besides the dime or guilder a load for the stuff sold as fertilizer, the antiquarians discover rich trove. Below the modern surface debris of picnic fragments or animal shards, the spade throws out mediæval relics, and in the lower strata Roman remains of art or use, while in the depths are the stone combs or bone needles of our primitive fathers and mothers. The richest portion of the Frisian Society's report for 1905 tells of the trophies for the museum won from the *terpen*, all older than the ninth or tenth century, in silver, bronze, wood, bone, and earthenware. The gem of the varied collection is a Roman image of Fortune holding in her left hand a horn of plenty. The right arm and hand are perfect, but what she held has been lost. The sclerotics of the eye is of white metal, and the aspect of her countenance seems as lifelike as are the loveliness of her figure and the grace of her drapery. A half-moon is set on her diadem. Two Roman oil flasks were found in the same *terp*. Other articles of metal, such as knives and fibulæ, of Roman origin, ornaments of the Merovingian period, and not a few weapons of the bronze age of 600 B. C., grace the collection of 1905.

The current transactions of the German Asiatic Society of Japan are strong on subjects pertaining to the inner life of the Japanese. Mr. F. Theil gives a digest of the Collection of Old Customs published some years ago in Tokio, which treats of the affairs of the Court of the Shogun and Samurai in Yedo during the eighteenth century—palace and temple architecture, colors of old armor, pictures of costume and dress materials, all amply illustrating, and with much detail, the etiquette of nobles and gentry, from birth to burial. Rev. H. Haas gives the history of, and analyzes into its elements, the Zen, or Contemplative School of Buddhist sects, which in their three great forms have so profoundly and permanently influenced not only the men of thought, but of action, in Japan, since the ninth century. Capt. Schinsingen writes, with graphic illustration also, of Bows and Arrows in Japan. Dr. Oskar Löw shows that by the application of the sulphates and chlorides of manganese to chalky and magnesium soils the crops have in many cases been increased more than one hundred per cent. A paper on the deep-sea fauna of the Sagami coast is by Mr. F. Doffein. Japanese wedding customs (with a bibliography) are discussed under eleven heads by Rev. Martin Ostwald. From "preliminary conditions for a happy marriage" to the after-wedding calls and "recompense of the Go-between" the subject is luminously treated. The Society is in a very flourishing condition.

The recent celebration of the first centennial of the birth of Hans Christian Andersen has caused his native city, Odense, to buy the house in which he was born and to convert it into an Andersen Museum. The work of collecting the materials and

arranging them properly has been entrusted to a local pedagogue, Magister Brix. An exceptionally good collection has already been secured, especially from Copenhagen, and again from the houses of Collin and Malchior, with which Andersen was so intimately connected. A large section consists of letters, manuscripts, portraits, etc. The management publishes the request for contributions to the museum, and hopes to secure not a little from outside of Denmark—from Germany and more particularly from Weimar, where Andersen so often visited.

Prof. Ettore Pais, whose troubles in connection with the Naples Museum have been chronicled in these columns, writes to a correspondent in America that, by a royal decree of last month, he has been appointed to make investigations and journeys for the preparation of an historical and monumental geography of ancient Italy. This must be regarded in the light of some compensation for his dismissal from the Museum. Professor Pais is to retain his professorship at Naples University, but will reside at Rome. During his vacations he plans to revisit America (which he regards as his second home), and lecture here.

The completion of the Nile-Red Sea Railway, which will be formally opened by Lord Cromer at Port Sudan on Saturday, January 27, marks an important stage in the development of Central Africa. Progress in the Sudan since the overthrow of the dervishes has been slow, mainly because of its remoteness from the markets of the world. Khartum is 2,500 miles distant from Alexandria, and foreign freight is transhipped three times before it reaches its destination. Now this place has a direct railway communication of only about 500 miles to the sea, and there can be little doubt that in a few years the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan provinces will export largely of cotton, wheat, rubber, and ebony. The railway leaves the Nile at the junction of the Atbara, and reaches the sea at Port Sudan, 30 miles north of Suakin. It is now proposed to construct another railway due south from this point to Kassala, which will open up a rich country on the frontier of Abyssinia.

The liquor traffic on the West Coast of Africa, now that slavery is abolished, is the worst of the evils that contact with the outer world has inflicted on the natives. But the conditions in Lagos, at least, have so far improved that the capital of the colony is conspicuous for the sobriety of its inhabitants. Lord Lansdowne, in an answer to a memorial signed by the Duke of Westminster, the Bishop of London and other prominent men, recently declared that the total arrests for drunkenness in Lagos, a well-policed town of 40,000 inhabitants and the principal shipping port of the West Coast, during the last three years were 90, or a yearly average of .75 per 1,000. In England the convictions for drunkenness are stated to be 12.60 per 1,000 in seaports and 6.37 in London. As a matter of fact, the consumption of spirits in the colony is not more than one-eighth of what is consumed by some of the nations of Europe. Lord Lansdowne adds that he proposed some months ago to the Belgian Government that a conference of the Powers

should be held next summer to consider the revision of the Liquor Traffic Convention of 1899.

The Baltimore Association for the Promotion of the University Education of Women offers a fellowship of \$500 for the year 1906-1907 available for study at an American or European university. As a rule this fellowship is awarded to candidates who have done one or two years of graduate work, preference being given to women from Maryland and the South. Blank forms of application, returnable before April 7, 1906, may be obtained from Miss McLane, 1101 N. Charles Street, or from any member of the Committee on Award.

—To trace the wanderings of Ulysses in fairyland seems to have a rare fascination for men of letters who are strictly neither philologists nor archaeologists. Only a few years ago an Englishman published an elaborate argument to prove that Trapani, on the northwest coast of Sicily, was the home of Nausicaa, and further that this charming princess was herself the author of the *Odyssey*. Two and three years ago, as our readers may remember, a learned Frenchman published in two large and sumptuously illustrated volumes a brilliant discussion of Ulysses's wanderings, in support of his thesis that the *Odyssey* is only a translation into Greek poetry of the sailing directions of Phœnician mariners. Incidentally, M. Bérard identified Calypso's island, the "navel of the sea," with an islet at the foot of Monkey Mountain, opposite Gibraltar, and placed the home of Nausicaa on the west shore of Corfu. Now another Frenchman, M. Champault (*Phœniciens et Grecs en l'Italie d'après l'Odyssee*, Paris: Leroux), identifies Nausicaa's home, Scheria, with Ischia, at the entrance to the bay of Naples. The process is simple. *Scheria* is declared to be the Greek transcription of Phœnician *I-schra*, 'black,' applied to the island as volcanic; this became *Iscia*, the early documentary form of Ischia. This name seems to have disappeared from view for sixteen centuries after Homer, the author admits, but he thinks it to have been preserved as an obscure local name, to reappear in mediæval times. The stream is admitted to be too small for the bath of Nausicaa and her maids, but these may have bathed in the sea near by. No springs are found on the rock where M. Champault places the palace, but cisterns are there which the poet may have glorified into flowing fountains. Nausicaa's car could not have climbed the citadel, but the poet may have added the convenience of a road to enhance the comfort of the palace. The chief argument for the identification of the site, however, is derived from a "combination." The shipwrecked Ulysses, after escaping from Charybdis, was driven by the waves for nine or ten days, and then reached Calypso's island; this period is said to have been the Phœnician estimate of the time needed for the voyage by the southern route from the Straits of Messina to those of Gibraltar, and our author places Calypso's home on Gibraltar itself. Now, on his return to Greece, Ulysses on his raft sails west for seventeen days before he sights Scheria, and this time, according to our author, is exactly sufficient to bring a vessel by the northern shore of the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to the bay of Naples, and so to Ischia.

—M. Champault believes that Ischia was the seat of the most important Phœnician colony in the western Mediterranean, and that the Homeric story of the reception of the shipwrecked Ulysses by Nausicaa and the Phœnicians is only a "transparent allegory" for the reception of a colony from Eretria and Chalcis by the earlier Phœnician settlement on Ischia. In fact, "the poem of the return of Ulysses was born on Ischia"; it was an "occasional poem" by a Greek bard, celebrating the hospitality with which his countrymen had been received. Homer was, in truth, the Phœnician bard Demodocus. Scylla, Circe, Polyphemus, and the Læstrygonians are not marvels or supernatural to one who has learned to understand the poet's "conventional anthropomorphism." The goddesses represent queens, and these queens stand for colonies. M. Champault agrees with M. Bérard in his fine contempt for ordinary classical philologists, and expresses this contempt by adopting some interpretations which, by philological standards, are clearly wrong. He follows him also in his general method, and uses much of his material, although as a rule he reaches different conclusions. He criticises him for paying too much attention to topography, and himself gives more space to arguments supplied by social science. We regret to say that in this interesting book of more than six hundred pages, with many acute and suggestive observations, no conclusion of any importance is established.

—Dr. Emil Reich's *Select Documents Illustrating Mediæval and Modern History* (London: P. S. King & Co.) differs somewhat from the common type of source-book, or, rather, from two varieties. Occasionally an editor gives the text of his document in the original form, even if that form be mediæval Latin, and furnishes for less advanced students either a glossary or a series of notes, or both. This is what Stubbs did in the *Select Charters*. More frequently, however, the editor of a source-book translates his documents with a view to making them easy reading for beginners. Dr. Reich has neither translated his texts nor furnished them with an apparatus of notes. At the close of his book he has printed what he calls an "Index and Glossary," but as a glossary this contribution is most exiguous. Drawing from a considerable range of languages, he has printed his treaties, bulls, letters, etc., in their original form (save for a good many contractions), placing before each a few remarks regarding the document as a whole and a short bibliographical note. By way of justification for the method he has adopted, Dr. Reich says in his introduction: "Had all the documents been given in English, not only would the task of the compiler have been infinitely greater, but he would also have seriously damaged the value of the book." To support the last statement it is pointed out that the meaning of terms such as *terra*, *dominus*, *colonus*, *ingenuus*, and *servus* varies constantly in different countries and at different times. Even men like "Prof. Maitland in England, Below in Germany, or Del Giudice in Italy, have repeatedly expressed their inability to render adequately the true sense of a given term in a mediæval document." The pieces which Dr. Reich has brought together are

well chosen, and it was well worth while to put so many important texts into a single volume, but we hardly think that the reason just adduced is sufficient to excuse an editor from the task of adding notes, where so many are really needed to elucidate for most readers the more obscure or essential portions of the document. Speaking broadly, Dr. Reich seems to have shown more skill in his choice of both subjects and illustrations than care in the manner of presenting his valuable materials. That the name of Prof. Morse Stephens should more than once be spelled with a hyphen, and that the 'Narrative and Critical History of America' should be credited to "M. Winsor" need not be called damning facts, but in other respects it would not be impossible to show how more pains might advantageously have been taken. By way of outlining the arrangement of contents, we may say that the book falls into nineteen parts. First come international treaties, church history, and general institutions of the Middle Ages, occupying altogether about two-fifths of the volume. The rest of the space is devoted to the following States: the Byzantine Empire, the Holy Roman Empire, the Italian cities, France, England, Germany, Holland, Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, Poland, Turkey, Russia, and America. As we have said before, good judgment has been shown in the work of selection, and for this reason the book will be found a very convenient repository of sources.

—Dr. Gottfried Zedler presents, in the new volume of the *Veröffentlichungen* of the Gutenberg-Gesellschaft, a detailed study of the Catholicon of 1460, and the other smaller works printed with the same type. It is the first systematic investigation of the typography of this work, and stands worthily by the side of Dziatzko's and Schwenke's similar studies of the 36- and 42-line Bibles. Schwenke had, in his investigations of the latter work, come to conclusions which led him to disclaim Gutenberg as the printer of the Catholicon. He based his opinion entirely on technical grounds, dismissing with a word the testimony of the famous colophon. Zedler had already, in his 'Gutenberg-Forschungen' (1901), pointed out that the mere comparison of a couple of isolated details of typographical technique did not suffice to determine the question; at that time, however, he based his dissent exclusively on the colophon. A closer study of the typography of the book, and a comparison of it with that of other early productions of the Mainz presses, have confirmed him in his view. He finds here the same watchful care as in the case of the 42-line Bible, the same striving to imitate the current handwriting, only that the printer has used an entirely different pattern. What the inventor of typographical printing aimed at was to create something that could take the place of manuscript, and he would naturally be bent on making his types resemble handwriting as much as possible, and as appropriately as possible. In the Bible types he would imitate the large and complicated system of writing used by the monkish scribes in missals and other huge works for church use; similarly, he would make the type for Johannes Balbus's grammar and glossary resemble

the more ordinary book script in vogue at the time. Other printers would not have the same delicate feeling for the manuscript tradition. No comparison is here made between the various productions of the early presses in Mainz; the space at the author's disposal made some retrenchment necessary. This part of his investigations will appear separately in a short time. A textual comparison of the productions of the Beckermünze press in Eltville, also belonging to this investigation, has in the meantime been printed in the December number of the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen*.

—The close connection of Gutenberg's types with the handwriting of his time is shown in detail in Heinrich Wallau's address, "Gutenberg: Techniker und Künstler," which was delivered at the annual meeting of the Gutenberg-Gesellschaft last summer, and printed in its fourth annual report. Herr Wallau lays stress on the fact that, while much of Gutenberg's labor undoubtedly had to do with the perfecting of ink and press, the chief matter of his invention was, technically, movable types, and, aesthetically, "the imitation of the handwritten letter forms, i. e., their transformation into forms which on the one hand could be multiplied by casting, on the other hand strive to attain the highly developed beauty of manuscript." This address, short as it is, is of great importance because it brings together within small compass the results of the latest investigations into the technique of the earliest productions of the printing-press. Wallau here takes the opportunity to refute emphatically the notion that the invention of printing owed anything to the earlier art of woodcutting. There can be no connection between these two arts. Gutenberg was a goldsmith, metal-worker, and stone-carver; his invention was technically based on work in metal.

—That much edited and somewhat over-estimated "classic," Buffon's so-called 'Discours sur le Style,' continues to exercise the ingenuity of petty annotators in the French lycées. One marvels how they see room for successive improvement in the critical apparatus on so brief and simple an address. Yet the best edition seems to be the latest, by René Nolle (Paris: Hachette), a tasteful booklet provided with the inevitable introduction and notes, and with an appendix. The appendix is useful: it shows Buffon's characteristic method of revision in the 'Discours' itself; it contains also a fragment by the same author 'Sur l'Art d'écrire,' as well as extracts from other addresses bearing upon his theory of composition. Either this edition or that by Félix Hémon (Paris: Delagrave, 1894) ought to supplant in this country the antiquated French edition by Rondelet mentioned in Gayley and Scott's 'Literary Criticism,' and hence familiar by name at least to many of our teachers. Current opinion here on the exact form of Buffon's celebrated epigram, "The style is the man," likewise needs renovation. In spite of G. H. Lewes in 'The Principles of Success,' etc., and Messrs. Gayley and Scott in the work just cited, and Mr. Shepherd in *Modern Language Notes* for June, 1890, we may, following M. Nolle's text and comment (p. 22), still quote Buffon as saying, 'Le

style est l'homme même," and regard the form, "Le style est de l'homme même," which appeared in certain of the earlier versions of his 'Discours,' as a variant, but not the preferable reading.

AN ENGLISH "SET" OF THE LAST GENERATION.

Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle. By Charles and Frances Brookfield. In two volumes. Vol. I., 1809-1847; Vol. II., 1848-1874. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

This is one of those gossiping "books about people," which have of late years become so frequent on both sides of the Atlantic. Such books generally take the form of "Reminiscences," in which men or women over sixty years of age recount to a public apparently incapable of satiety the incidents of their earlier life, seasoned with anecdotes bearing on the more notable persons whom they may have seen in the street, or met in a drawing-room, or perhaps even spoken to. The thing is beginning to be overdone, because the authors have often had no special opportunities for knowing really interesting people, or because they lack the faculty of describing and making real to us the interesting people whom they did know. Still, it is plain that the book clubs like such books, for the supply does not diminish. In the present instance the form is not that of personal recollections, but of a collection of letters (with bits of diary interspersed) written to (or in some cases by) the hero and heroine of the book, who form the centre of the "circle." This is better than the reminiscential method, because we get into touch with persons who do still possess some interest for our own time; and the letters frequently contain gossip about other figures of their generation who are more interesting than the letter-writers themselves. It is really in these letters that the claim of the book to be here noticed lies, for the connecting paragraphs and the descriptions of the principal personages which come from the pens of the two compilers, are done in a somewhat loose and careless fashion, which shows itself even in the numerous misprints or misspellings of proper names we encounter.

Mrs. Brookfield, whose name is given to the book, was Jane Octavia Elton, eighth daughter of Sir Charles Elton of Clevedon Court, Somersetshire. His sister Julia married Henry Hallam, the historian, and became the mother of Tennyson's bosom friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, whose early death gave cause for the group of poems which all the world knows as 'In Memoriam.' Miss Elton was thus Arthur Hallam's first cousin, and intimate with most of those, many of them afterwards eminent, who were bound together by their affection for him. In 1841 she married William Henry Brookfield, the son of a lawyer practising at Sheffield in Yorkshire. He had been the fellow-student at Trinity College, Cambridge, of a number of brilliant men, who formed, perhaps, the most remarkable group that had ever lived together as friends at any English university. Prominent among them were Alfred Tennyson, then already famous among his contemporaries, and W. M. Thackeray, whose reputation came later. But there were also James Spedding, the best of all those who have written on Bacon; Richard Trench, afterwards Archbishop

of Dublin; Monckton Milnes, the poet and politician, who became Lord Houghton; A. W. Kinglake, the historian of the Crimean war; Franklin and Edmund Lushington, one a poet, the other one of the first Greek scholars and Egyptologists of his day; Charles Buller, whose early death cut short a public career of wonderful promise; Henry Taylor, the author of 'Philip van Artevelde'; W. H. Thompson, afterwards Master of Trinity College; and G. S. Venables, one of the leading journalists and most conspicuous social figures in the London of forty years ago—not to mention others whose names are now less familiar. Brookfield, who had considerable wit and a dramatic gift which would have made his fortune on the stage, was a favorite with the rest of the set; and the set continued to hold together through later life. Its last surviving members passed away in the closing years of the nineteenth century. Brookfield himself died in 1874 and his wife in 1894.

It is chiefly with this group of men that these two volumes are concerned. But some of their friends also come in, and chief among them Thomas Carlyle and his wife, our curiosity regarding whom, notwithstanding (and perhaps all the more because of) all that Froude and others have written, remains unexhausted. There appears also Lady Ashburton, of whom so much is said in the letters of both the Carlyles, and who was the most brilliant hostess of her time. Here is a passage about the two ladies:

"Lady Ashburton this Christmas consulted Mrs. Brookfield as to what would be most useful to give to Mrs. Carlyle as a gift from the Christmas tree (this fashion was just appearing in 1855), and a silk dress was finally decided upon; but this present seems to have angered Mrs. C. She would not take it; she vowed she was being insulted, and Lady Ashburton was at last forced to seek her in her room and assure her with tears in her eyes she had not meant to offend. . . . Mrs. Carlyle was very slight, neat, erect in figure, animated in expression, with very good eyes and teeth, but with no pretension to beauty. She used to remain in her room during the early part of the day while her husband took his walks, accompanied by his admirers. When she did appear, she was always taken especial care of by Lady Ashburton, and she expected and was conceded a certain prominence amongst the many other visitors of more or less distinction in that delightful house. Mrs. Carlyle's instinct was always to take the lead at the Grange [Lady A.'s house]. This was not easy, for the grandeur and brilliancy of our hostess, who, according to Mrs. Twistleton, 'scattered pearls and diamonds whenever she spoke,' made her the first interest and attraction to all around her. In conversation, clever and amusing as she often was, Mrs. Carlyle had the fatal propensity of telling her stories at extraordinary length. With her Scotch accent and her perseverance in finishing off every detail, those who were not devotees but merely acquaintances sometimes longed for an abridgment, and perhaps also to have their own turn in the conversation" (vol. II., pp. 426-7).

There are some good letters of Mrs. Carlyle's, and some characteristic anecdotes about her husband. Here is one, in which two other distinguished persons figure:

"A. Tennyson arrived at Lady Ashburton's, and next day came the first copy of his new poem, 'Maud,' which he promised to read aloud to us. But Carlyle, who was among the guests, could not endure to listen to any one reading aloud—not even to Alfred Tennyson. C. was accustomed to take an early walk daily and to be accompanied by an appreciative companion. What was to be done? All the

visitors, presumably wished to listen to Tennyson's delightful reading. Lord and Lady Ashburton were kept waiting; chairs had been arranged in a quiet sitting-room; the visitors were taking their places. Alfred was ready. So was Carlyle—in the hall—waiting for a companion in his walk and evidently determined not to stir without one. It was an anxious moment. Each of us wondered which would volunteer, like Quintus Curtius, to leap into the gulf. At length Mr. Goldwin Smith generously stepped forward and joined the Philosopher, and then William [Brookfield] joined them both, while the rest of us remained enthralled to listen to the new words of the Poet" (vol. II., p. 429).

Another of Samuel Rogers (in his old age):

"Rogers, though now drawing to the end of a long and well-amused life, was still to be seen out, and found pleasure in receiving the selected few at his own house. Mrs. Brookfield was standing by him one day, when a lady came up and said, 'You remember me, Mr. Rogers?' 'Perfectly,' he replied at once. 'Who could ever forget you?' Then in an equally loud voice he asked Mrs. Brookfield, 'Who is she? Never met her before in my life'" (vol. II., p. 499).

Of Thackeray, who was a devoted friend to both the Brookfields:

"He could not help pouring out about him unmeasured draughts of splendid affection, giving copious return for all that was bestowed upon him. Singularly simple, humble in matters concerning himself, he paid high homage to his intimates, and fitted them all most generously with laurels and with halos. And he often went out of his way to soothe wounds given to them by rougher spirits, always assuming this to be but part of his daily task. He was in all things grand and stanch and faithful. When, not long before his end, he was asked by his daughter which of his friends he had loved the most, he answered, 'Why, dear old Fitz [Edward FitzGerald], to be sure—and Brookfield'" (vol. II., p. 503).

A dictum of a great lady of her time regarding Mrs. Norton, once a famous figure in English society, reads: "The late Duchess of Sutherland said of Mrs. Norton, 'She is so nice, what a pity she is not quite nice,' for if she were quite nice, she would be so very nice" (vol. II., p. 525). And here is an extract from a letter of Thackeray's, with a reference to another, now nearly forgotten, novelist:

"I haven't the courage to pay the postage for so much rubbish. Isn't it curious that a gentleman [himself] of such expensive habits should have this meanness about paper and postage? The best is that I have spent three francs in cab hire, hunting for the man who was to carry my two-franc letter. The follies of men are ceaseless, even of comic authors who make it their business to laugh at the follies of all the rest of the world. . . . Harrison Ainsworth is here [in Paris]; we dined next each other at the 3 Frères yesterday, and rather fraternized. He showed a friendly disposition, I thought, and a desire to forgive me my success, but, beyond a good-humored acquiescence in his good will, I don't care" (vol. II., p. 296).

Here is one of Mr. Brookfield's experiences as an Inspector of Schools:

"To one little boy, whom I asked, like the rest, to write impromptu on his slate about whatever object I might mention to him, I had, perhaps somewhat imprudently, proposed a race horse. He gave up his slate inscribed with very good writing and spelling, as follows:

"The race horse is a noble animal, used very cruel by gentlemen. Races are very bad places. None but wicked people know anything about races. The last Derby was won by Mr. l'Anson's Blinkbonny, a beautiful filly by Melbourne, rising four. The odds were twenty to one against her; thirty started, and she won only by a neck."

"I handed this dissertation to one of the school managers. He returned it to me with a perplexed look, saying: 'I am very sorry, indeed, for this. He was always a very good little boy till now.' I found that he was the son of an honest and industrious groom; and, notwithstanding the ominous 'till now,' the intelligent and amiable appearance of the child, and the good character I heard of him, give color to the hope that he may yet escape the treadmill" (vol. II., pp. 464-5).

It is only by thus sampling the anecdotes in this book that a notion of its contents can be conveyed. It is much too long; all the things really worth telling and all the good letters could have been easily put into one of the volumes. Still, for those who enjoy gossip, there is a good deal of entertainment. Mr. Brookfield, who is commemorated in a little poem of Tennyson's, was a man of remarkable social gifts. Fate rather than choice made him a clergyman, and he won some distinction as a preacher. Nature had meant him to be an actor or reciter. His recitations of Shakespeare were admirable. His wife was tall and handsome, with a soothing voice and a winning manner. Though her novels show no marked ability and are now quite forgotten, her intelligence and her pleasant ways fitted her to be what is called "a social centre," and gained for her the devotion of many friends. Besides those already named, Barry Cornwall (Mr. Procter), whose verses were once very popular, and his able wife and his poetic daughter Adelaide, Charles Dickens, Lady Duff Gordon, Charles Collins, Richard Doyle, Samuel Wilberforce (then Bishop of Oxford), William Vernon Harcourt, Lord Lyttelton, and Mrs. Cameron, who made a new departure (then much talked of) in amateur photography, flit through these pages. There are sidelights on the fashions of thinking and talking in the "middle Victorian" period; and now and then some anecdote, too slight for a formal biography, brings out a trait in the character of a person whose memory deserves to survive.

THE BODY OF OTTOMAN LAW.

Corps de Droit Ottoman: Recueil des Codes, Lois, Réglements, Ordonnances et Actes les plus importants du Droit Intérieur, et d'Études sur le Droit Coutumier de l'Empire Ottoman. Par George Young, 2me Secrétaire de l'Ambassade d'Angleterre. Vols. I., II., III.: pp. xxiv., 346, vi., 412, iv., 416. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1905.

These volumes form the first half of a great corpus of Ottoman law, to be completed with a second part of four more. It will then be one of the most unique books in existence: a necessary hand-book for the daily use of every merchant or resident in the Levant; a source of the first rank for the historian of modern Turkey; a fund of perpetual enlightenment, entertainment, and astonishment for the scientific student of law; a master-key to a good half of the events, day by day, of the hither East for the publicist; a long-desired sequel and complement of his knowledge of Muslim jurisprudence for the Orientalist; finally, a readable, yet studiable, view of the state of legal and national topsy-turvydom, of bewildered strivings and blind driftings whose like has probably never existed for all to whom nothing human is alien, and who can

pass through the phrases of law to the sense of tears and of laughter in human things. The melancholy moralist might find here, too, his prey, even behind formalities, decrees, ceremonials. The inexorable fate which we now call the law of development, traces in these pages inevitable consequences. The Ottoman may struggle, forwards or backwards; the past remains—the fetters he, in contempt and carelessness, himself for himself, forged—and it is unyielding. Out of the simplicity which he would, has arisen a complication which he cannot master; and the contemptuous tolerance of the past avenges itself in the multitudinous restrictions of the present. If, without apparent scheme or plan, the English Constitution and the English law have muddled through to a practical perfection, the same things in Turkey, moving with a similar aimlessness, have become only thrice confounded. And the reason is plain enough. In the one case, a single idea, living and germinating, has developed in steady adaptation to the facts of life; in the other, a slothful and short-sighted dualism has reigned from the first. Therein, it is true, lies the picturesqueness of this book. Against the happiness of the land without history can be balanced the unhappiness of one whose law-books are too full of color and interest. Or the case is even worse. History may be effaced and forgotten, but law speaks for the conflicts of the present.

And yet, how monistic—if it be lawful to apply the terms of philosophy to ordinary life—was the first conception. The people of Muhammad, as it formed itself in the minds of the first Muslim rulers and jurists, was to be an elaborate unity. State and Church, theology and law, conduct and morals, were to be but phases of the life of an undivided organism. As Muhammad had been ruler, judge, creed-maker, and pattern for his people, so that people was to be for itself in the centuries to come. A New England township, in its uncorrupted days, is the nearest Western parallel, but incomplete enough. How the pursuit of that ideal slackened and failed, this is not the place to tell. The ideal itself remained and forms the democratic consciousness of Islam to this day, but rival dynasties and conflicting theologians and lawyers shattered its actuality within less than a generation. One element, however, survived and rounded itself to technical perfection—in part, of the most intimate life of the people; and, in part, a dream of unreconciled churchmen. This was the system of law—in its essence a system of canon law, because theological in basis and covering all the sides of life. The sources of that system of law were five: the Qur'an; the usage of Muhammad—i. e., what he said and did as judge, as theologian, or simply as a man, in the ordinary events and vicissitudes of life; analogy from these; the agreement of the Muslim people. With these was built up an elaborate structure forming a complete guide to a man's duty under all contingencies, to God, to other men, and to himself, and including, in consequence, what we should call codes of civil and criminal law. The presupposition—one never fulfilled, except partially as regards Arabia—was that the Muslim land and state would contain only Muslims. The only account taken of non-Muslims is in these sections on the sacred war against them. The contrast is complete. All conduct for Muslims

was regulated, and nothing applied to non-Muslims except the sword or tribute.

Such a system could not but break down. An elaborately deduced code of law and usage suited to the tribes of Arabia could not be made to apply to conditions stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Russia to southern India and central Africa. Nor could relations with non-Muslims, either subjects or travellers or resident aliens, be summed for long under the sword or tribute. So while this system maintained its position as a code of canon law, and regulated such matters as marriage, divorce, and inheritance, it was everywhere pushed aside in matters of the world between man and man, and still more between Muslim and non-Muslim. There remained ecclesiastical courts applying its rules and decisions in those limited spheres, but beside them there grew up secular courts, following the usage of each country—its common law—and the will of each ruler. This met one side of the difficulty; but the non-Muslims still remained. These consisted, in great part, of communities whose "differentia" was religion, organized more or less closely under heads—Patriarchs, Bishops, Chief Rabbis, etc.—administering through ecclesiastical courts. It was very simple, then, to give these bodies practical autonomy, and make them responsible for their own affairs through their religious organizations. The analogy of the Muslim ecclesiastical courts lay near, and, above all, it saved the state a great deal of trouble. In this way, too, they were kept outside of the Muslim ring-fence, were not recognized as co-subjects or citizens, as the case might be, and yet were kept quiet. That it perpetuated the schism in the body of the population, and made impossible the development of a uniform state with equal standing, rights, and duties for all, was evidently never considered. Yet when the courts of canon law were pushed aside, and those of local usage took their place, a great unifying opportunity had been lost.

So it was, too, with foreign merchants and resident aliens. With the tendency of the Oriental to accept guilds, unions, and fraternities as the unit of government, resident merchants were left to the control of their own business organizations, and, in case of trouble between a Muslim and a foreign merchant, the head of the organization or the ambassador of the foreign Power would be called into court as an assessor. The European Powers have known how to limit this extra-territoriality down to the person and household of the ambassador, but the Muslim East has extended it practically to cover all foreigners, and thus has aided the slothfulness of the Muslim courts. The Western Powers, too, whenever they found how careless Muslims were in guarding their own sovereignty, executed treaties putting this usage on a fixed basis. These were (and are) the Capitulations, which have come to form a part of the organic law of all Muslim States. By these, the sovereignty and freedom of action of the native governments are limited to a degree hardly credible. The native non-Muslim communities may have their rights by usage roughly invaded at any time, but the foreign settlements are in other cases. They are protected by these formal treaties, and the European missions unite to resist encroachment.

All these courts, then, and systems of law

exist in Turkey and are described in the present treatise. The scope and privileges of the canon law and its courts have been wofully reduced, but these institutions themselves continue to exist in complete organization. To them the pious look as rendering the only true Muslim law; with the Mahdi and the millennium which he will bring, these will again rule supreme.

Next come the normal courts of the land, administering a system of law modelled on the Code Napoléon and based on Turkish usage and the decrees of the sovereign. Next, the different privileged communities—a bewildering array of ecclesiastical organizations, giving a view of the religious history of the nearer East and of the Balkans since the Christian era—have each a constitution, internal autonomy and courts for the rendering of justice among their members. For foreigners, further, there are their consular courts, possessing absolute authority, even of calling Turkish witnesses, based on the Capitulations. But questions must also arise between Turks and foreigners, and between peoples of differing nationalities. For these there are the mixed tribunals, or international courts. The further complications in the Turkish courts themselves, civil, criminal and commercial, are due to successive attempts at reform. There are also some local autonomies and jurisdictions. The principality of Samos, for example, administers a code fundamentally Byzantine, with the right of local legislation. Curiously enough, its courts contest the claim of extra-territoriality which the Ottoman Empire, its suzerain, is compelled to admit. The Lebanon, too, has a similar practical autonomy.

Naturally, all this means much friction. The Porte is perfectly conscious that the situation produced by the Capitulations is an impossible one for any self-respecting State. Even the little isle of Samos will not have it. In consequence, with every reform, whether paper or real, the attempt is made to limit the jurisdiction of the consular or the mixed courts. Then the embassies come into play, and at intervals in these volumes we read "*les Missions n'ayant pas accepté*" whatever it may be. Europe, of course, does not mind this; any method of keeping Turkey in order is good. But when the English Government in Egypt meets the same situation, and discovers that the very necessary policing of certain districts in Cairo is made impossible, and that it may need three consuls and their staffs to legally raid a joint in the Cairene Tenderloin, the effects of mediæval treaties on municipal and other government have another aspect. It is true that the goose and the gander here are of very different flavor and toughness.

For the method on which Mr. Young has carried out his gigantic task, there can be little but praise. On his own ground—the Ottoman codes as they are to-day, with their history—he is probably untouchable. His Arabic is less certain, and his views of the early history of the canon law. The identification (II. 161) of the rites of the Mandæans with those "*de la secte protestante anglaise des 'Baptists'*" is possibly a joke. But the mass of materials which he has here collected, the intelligence and historical sense with which he has introduced and annotated them, the laborious care which he has given to their completeness, introducing documents bearing dates up to the

beginning of last year, and indicating exactly the present state of contested questions, and the accuracy with which the enormous burden of the proof-reading has been carried out, have earned for him the gratitude tenfold of all interested in Turkish affairs. For details there can be no space here, but one remark may not be out of place before passing from this atmosphere of multitudinous law. The trouble about the excellent labors of Mr. Young is that they deal with a paper subject, and that the realities have therewith only a somewhat detached connection. To balance these beautiful systems and to approximate to the actual facts, the student should carefully combine with these volumes such a book as 'Turkey in Europe' by "Odysseus." The process will be almost as violent and the result almost as queer as in the article on Chinese metaphysics, about which Mr. Pickwick was told; but they will be decidedly more informing, and will really approximate to the state of the case.

ECHOES OF THE WAR IN THE EAST.

The Reshaping of the Far East. By B. L. Putnam Weale. 2 vols. Macmillan Co. 1905.

A Staff-Officer's Scrap-Book during the Russo-Japanese War. By Lieut.-Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton. London: Arnold. 1905.

The War in the Far East. By the Military Correspondent of the [London] Times, Dutton. 1905.

The Russo-Japanese war is fast becoming past politics and assuming historical shape. A review of the three interesting books before us may serve to bring out certain salient facts, now fairly established, as to both the military and the political side of the great event whose close was marked, not so very many weeks ago, by the treaty of Portsmouth.

First, as to things military. The reasons for the Japanese successes may now be summed up pretty accurately, and so can the undoubted weaknesses that their army developed. The greatest factor of victory was the morale of the rank and file, though even that has been exaggerated. Before the battle of the Yalu there was, as Sir Ian Hamilton brings out, just a shadow of a doubt among many of the Japanese whether, when it came to the crisis, the European would not, after all, prove more than the equal of the Asiatic. Such is the power of prestige. After the Yalu there was a visible increase of confidence in the troops, yet even then it is a gross exaggeration to think of the Japanese as having displayed a quality for which the fit epithet is fanaticism. The Guards division with Kuroki's army was brought to a dead stop at Yoshirei by the Siberian riflemen under circumstances that would have been perfectly normal in European warfare; and, without in any way detracting from the splendid Japanese infantry, it does not appear that the losses they were prepared to encounter were notably dissimilar to those faced at Waterloo or Eylau, at Antietam or Chickamauga, at Vionville or Plevna. There was a high morale, with a fierce fighting spirit based on the intense national hatred of Russia, and this was turned to account by a remarkable staff organization.

And here we come to the second great factor. An old and generally accepted say-

ing is that councils of war never fight; the Japanese have been the exception to prove the rule. Under the instruction of Major-Gen. Meckel of the German army, they have since 1885 constructed a great staff corps resembling that of Germany in many particulars, and in none more strikingly than in the unity of impulse with which it acts. It was this unity of impulse, combined with the national fervor of the moment, that inspired the methodical and somewhat slow offensive of the Japanese armies. Every forward move, every battle, was apparently the result of extensive deliberations, and never the spontaneous flash of judgment springing from the brain of one commander. Not that the general lacked ability. Oyama's cool if deliberate judgment, his perfect courage, deserve the largest recognition. But essentially the war was conducted by a staff and not by a general-in-chief, and Japan will have to see to it that in the future her armies do not meet a great general, and that her staff is kept right up to its present remarkable level of professional skill, combined with patriotic enthusiasm.

In respect of her artillery and cavalry, Japan was apparently less formidable. The artillery was inferior to that of the Russians and badly horsed. Only the superior skill of officers and men, and the many captures of the battlefield, enabled the Japanese to hold their own in this respect. As to the cavalry, the least said the better. Their numbers were ridiculously small, and no attempt appears to have been made to employ them in masses. Let the Japanese staff turn away from the defective German cavalry traditions, and study Lee's move from the Wilderness to Spottsylvania, or Grant's from Petersburg to Appomattox, and they will find there a leaf of the art of war they are as yet unacquainted with.

We have less reliable information from the Russian side. It is clear that the officers failed while the men maintained the traditions of the Russian soldier. The infantry fought bravely and stubbornly, and some corps, especially the Siberian rifle regiments, fought well. The artillery was excellent as to material, and far from deficient in skill. As with the Japanese, but for different reasons, the cavalry was the greatest disappointment. Numbers were not wanting, but stupidity reigned supreme. The wretched exhibition of the Cossacks is especially noteworthy, and it appears doubtful if the horseman of the steppes can, in the nature of things, be taught the lesson that the Boer never requires to learn. With the Boer the horse is accessory to the rifle; with the Cossack the horse is everything. The exposure of the Cossack fiction must be a great relief to the German General Staff.

The successes of Japan have profoundly stirred the East and especially China. A remarkably interesting chapter in Mr. Weale's book gives figures and facts as to Chinese army reorganization that will surprise most readers. They leave it perfectly clear that China is already in possession of a modern army large enough to protect her from the attack of any Power operating over sea, and that it is hardly more than a matter of months before she will be able to match the numbers of Japan or Russia in Manchuria. That is a remarkable fact, and it is clear that no statesman with the slightest foresight should attempt from this day to treat China except as an equal

Power. In a very few years she may be the greatest Power in the world.

It is on this last point that Mr. Weale's excellent book is perhaps least satisfactory. He has nothing but contempt for the traditional benevolence of our policy toward China, he has no words of reprobation too strong for the nationalities that have of late energetically attempted to force their way into the trade zone so long monopolized by England; yet when it comes to England's opium trade, his indignation fails, and all he has to say is that the Chinese laborer works hard enough to throw off the ill effects of the drug. In other words, Mr. Weale approaches the Chinese question from a stricter insular point of view. Yet his book may be highly recommended. He knows China well. He discusses the relations of China, Korea, Japan, and Russia in readable and instructive fashion, and his illustrations are both numerous and uncommonly good. Three chapters of his second volume deal with the war, and are much below his standard, owing to an obvious lack of knowledge of things military. His account of the circumstances attending the sinking of the *Variag* is especially misleading, and his strictures on Admiral Uriu unmerited. That officer was not relieved of the command of the Fourth Squadron, and he led it in the actions against the Vladivostok fleet and in the battle of Tsushima. Mr. Weale is addicted to Gallinisms such as "functioning," "complots," and "triplicate"—this last for the Triple Alliance. Some of his forecasts have been falsified since he sent his book to the press. But, all reserves made, there is nothing better on the Far Eastern question as it stands at this moment.

The London Times published some reports on the war, as it progressed, that could hardly be surpassed for excellence. They are now in part pieced together and published as a history of the war. In this latter guise they are not satisfactory, and prove once more, if proof were needed, that newspaper reports will never make good history. A comparison of the Times's account of the battle of the Yalu with that given by Sir Ian Hamilton, for example, demonstrates the gulf that separates the truth from what can be at the best only the approximate truth. It must, however, be added that, even as it is, this book contains many remarks on matters of strategy and military science that are of permanent value.

Of these three books, by far the most attractive for its personal or literary quality is that of Sir Ian Hamilton. It represents the English intellect at its best, for here we find a highly trained specialist who is also a man of wide education, a soldier, a man of the world, and a man of culture in one. Sir Ian evidently became highly popular at the Japanese headquarters, and obtained much technical information not generally accessible. His 'Scrap-Book' is not only valuable for this reason, but delightful for the personality of the writer. He views questions of war and peace on a very broad and original basis, as witnessed the following quotation:

"Why—there is material in the north of India and in Nepal sufficient and fit, under good leadership, to shake the artificial society of Europe to its foundations if once it dares tamper with that militarism which now alone supplies it with any higher ideal than money and the luxury which that

money can purchase. . . . It is heroism, self-sacrifice, and chivalry which redeem war and build up national character. What play do these heroic qualities find in the ignoble struggle between nations for commercial supremacy, with stock exchanges and wheat pits for their battle-fields?"

In conclusion, let us not err in the direction of underestimating the great change that is now fast spreading over Asia. It may be that time will justify the underlying assumption of such English publicists as Mr. Weale, Dr. Morrison, and Mr. Ireland, and prove that the Asiatic is inherently inferior to the Caucasian. But it will certainly be wiser for the present that we should support their criticisms of American policy with equanimity and assume that China is capable of attaining within a very few years a rank of equality among the nations. When that equality comes, it will be better that China should associate our country with a policy of good will than with one of bullying.

Borgia: A Period Play. London: A. H. Bullen. 1906.

The splendid and tragic history of the House of Borgia has been a constant attraction to dramatists and novelists, but has never received satisfactory treatment until now. One reason is that, until the appearance of the remarkable drama before us, it has never been attempted in a sufficiently serious spirit. Lee thought only of filling the theatre, and Cossa of satirising the Temporal Power. The picture of unredeemed villainy which these dramatists exhibit, even had it been in accordance with the truth of history, is inconsistent with the conflict of passions and the interfusion of light and shade required by the canons of tragedy. Fortunately for the artist, no less than for the historian, modern investigation, without bereaving the Borgias of their picturesqueness, has brought them within the sphere of ordinary humanity, and shown them not as exceptional portents, but as actual representatives of the general spirit of their epoch. This has been thoroughly comprehended by the anonymous author of our tragedy, in whose pages the Renaissance lives again, with all the beauty of artistic environment and freedom of thought and action that renders it so attractive on one side, and all the political and social immorality that makes it sinister and repulsive on the other.

Another difficulty in the way of the Borgia dramatist is that of finding a passage in the family history which, however suitable for stage treatment, is not too limited and partial for historical painting on an ample scale. The murder of the Duke of Gandia and the fall of Caesar Borgia are highly dramatic incidents, but the former is a mere episode, and the latter a mere catastrophe. The author of "Borgia" has avoided this difficulty by (as designedly expressed by the phrase "A Period Play") renouncing all idea of stage representation and constructing the drama on the model of Shakspeare's historical plays, dealing with a series of events extending over ten years, and so arranged as to include all the most picturesque incidents in the chronicles of the House of Borgia. It is, consequently, as an English critic has remarked, rather a pageant than a tragedy,

but a most gorgeous pageant. From the Pope down to the waterman, every class of contemporary Italian society is represented, and each personage appears in appropriate costume and glowing with the rich color of the time. The illusion is perfect; we seem to be living in the Renaissance epoch, seeing with its eyes and judging with its brain. The effect is even aided by some phrases and modes of thinking which in a modern writer might appear odd and crude, but are quite in keeping with the spirit of the period.

The general effect is to make Alexander and his children more intelligible and nearer to ordinary humanity than historians have until recently been able to represent them. This is not attained without some prejudice to the eloquence which the theme might appear to invite. There are few set speeches. The characters speak briefly and to the point, but their diction is suffused with imagination, ever and anon bursting forth in a flash of poetry, such as this instantaneous photograph of the

"Still Spanish boy,
His black hair shining and his ears with edges
Of the clear ruddiness of pomegranates,
The light of sunset is so shed on him."

Or in a weighty saying like this:

"History
Is life and death, and never resurrection."

Or in Michelotto's pithy simile on Caesar's apparent torpor ere, in Macaulay's phrase, "he caught his treacherous condottieri in one snare and crushed them at one blow":

"Such air a dragon sleeps in."

Or in Alexander's exultation at the triumph of his son:

"Our Duke knelt down;
He took the emblem, took the hand and kissed
The foot of Christ's viceregent; then together
We stood erect and he advanced; for once
He went before me—that was joy!—before me,
The Rose in his right hand, the hovering Dove
On his beretta, with its fretted rays,
A nimbus round him from the monster pearls,
And he before me like a star of heaven!"

His inordinate family affection, passionate to the verge of insanity, is the dominant feature of Alexander's character throughout. It has abundant historical justification, but the very skill and thoroughness with which it is worked out inevitably falsify the representation of the character as a whole. Of the dotting parent we have a masterly portrait; of the statesman and ruler, unfathomable in craft and endowed with tremendous driving power, we hardly obtain a glimpse. It remains for some future novelist or dramatist to depict the Spanish Pope on this side, and to solve the difficult problem of representing gutter worthlessness and unscrupulousness in policy allied with exuberant geniality in private life. Neither Caesar nor Lucretia is a complex character. Save for the hinted imputation of offences on Lucretia's part, of which impartial history acquits her, both appear to be represented as they actually were. Caesar's callous egotism makes an effective foil to his father's fondness; while his energy and audacity extort involuntary admiration. The subordination of political to private interests obscures the divine irony of Caesar's career. He thought himself most astute when, after employing his agents to commit all necessary crimes, he requited them with the scaffold; and never suspect-

ed that Providence was dealing in the same manner with himself.

Arizona Sketches. By Joseph A. Munk, M.D. New York: The Grafton Press. 1905.

This is a good example of a new type of book in which the literary element is subordinate to the pictorial. Nearly every other page contains two excellent reproductions of well-made kodak pictures, and Dr. Munk evidently follows the example of lecturers who, having a collection of slides, accommodate their address to the exigencies of their illustrations, for he describes only those phases of Arizona life and scenery of which he has been able to snap off good pictures. These, however, are so excellent and well selected (so far as they go) that a glance through his pages will convey a better and truer impression of cattle ranching, of the grotesque vegetation of the Arizona desert, of the famous Meteoric Mountain and its supposed crater, and of some of Arizona's characteristic scenery, than most writers can convey with the pen. But the book gives in no sense, nor does it profess to impart, a complete description of Arizona and its products—it omits, for instance, all reference to its most prominent industry, namely, mining; nor does it pictorially display the rapid growth of some of its new mining towns. These are the best and most striking features of the progress of the Southwest.

Arizona, in popular estimation, is the land of romance, rowdiness, and exaggeration, and in the past it deserved its bad character. As farming drove cattle-ranching westward from Texas and through New Mexico into Arizona, that most picturesque but reckless group of frontiersmen, the Texas cowboys, and the Indians, between them, some twenty years ago, made life strenuous, if not precarious, in many parts of the Territory. But the frontier has been pushed into the Pacific, and beyond—into the Philippines, in fact—and Arizona and New Mexico now claim that their good behavior, as well as their industrial position, entitles them to be accepted into the great family of States. It does seem, in fact, an anomaly that Arizona, which contributes 250,000,000 pounds of such an important national staple as copper, or about one third of what all the mines of the Union turn out, should be excluded from a vote in Congress, and therefore be under the same disability, viz., taxation without representation, as justified our forefathers in throwing some chests of tea overboard in Boston harbor and fighting for their independence. At the same time, Arizona thinks that her population and her wealth entitle her to separate Statehood. Her territory extends nearly 400 miles from east to west, and over 400 miles from north to south, giving her an area of 112,920 square miles; and to tack her on to New Mexico, with an equal area, would make such an unwieldy State that many Arizonians would prefer to remain under the disadvantages and advantages of Territorial government until deemed big enough and good enough to be endowed with the responsibility of Statehood, rather than to be harnessed to an adjacent section, the great bulk of whose population is alien in race and language. Arizona is undoubtedly growing to the requisite stature, for, though there seems to be no standard

by which full national manhood is to be measured, judging by the puny size of Idaho, Wyoming, and Nevada when they were made States, she will soon reach that maturity of political, social, and commercial life which will compel parties in Congress to heed the force of public opinion despite the exigencies of national party politics.

Twenty years ago her population was so small that the census enumerator was known to remain as a guest at a ranch for a full fortnight in order to add an expected baby to his list. The census of 1900 gave 92,903 as her white population, with 26,480 Indians, and a small number of negroes and Asiatics; but so rapid has been her growth since, that in 1902 the Territorial enumeration put the population at 140,000, and it is now approaching 200,000. The largest increase has been in the southern counties, where copper mining has been most actively prosecuted. Within the last five years the copper mining towns of Bisbee, Clifton, Morenci, and Globe have more than doubled in population, and within that period the railroad junction town of Douglas has grown from a single tent to a well-built city of 6,000 inhabitants, with large stores, brick school-houses, banks, mercantile establishments, and metallurgical works and manufactories. The mining, metallurgical, railroad, and mercantile interests of a single firm in the Southwest give employment to 10,000 workmen.

Agriculture has not kept pace with mining, but, under the stimulus of the irrigation schemes now being carried forward under the Reclamation Act, known as the Hansbrough-Newland measure, large tracts of desert, which thirst for water to become gardens of perennial fertility, will, under Arizona sunshine, be peopled. The Southwest is already furnished with abundant railroad facilities. Two transcontinental roads link it with the East and the West, and about 1,000 miles of north-and-south lines and branches give access to every important industrial point. In fact, Arizona has more miles of railroad per head of population than any other section of the Union. Cheap fuel and cheap transportation have for years reduced this, the most arid section of the whole American desert, from being the haunt of the Indian and the cowboy, into an active centre of business and industrial activity. The Indian remains, but he has submitted to the inevitable, and, whether it is congenial or not to his hereditary instincts, is peaceably and successfully cultivating the land, and works on the railroads and about the mines for better day's pay than the white laborer of the East receives.

Tibet and Turkestan: A Journey through Old Lands and a Study of New Conditions. By Oscar Terry Crosby, F.R.G.S. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

The English authors of the books heretofore treating of the British occupation of Lhasa have reluctantly admitted that there was little to excuse the invasion of Tibet. Not being hampered by office or national prejudice, our countryman, Mr. Crosby, in his stirring tale of adventure and still more stirring record of wrongs, tears off with a pitiless hand the thinly decent

covering which "political necessity" threw over the Lhasa affair, and exposes that affair in its naked simplicity. Substantially the same view is taken by the author as was taken in the *Nation's* review of Landon's 'Opening of Tibet'; only, in addition, Mr. Crosby seeks to show that fear of a Russian invasion of India from the North is a bugbear. The deeds done in the British raid were without warrant in actual conditions or in any topographically justified apprehension. There remains no excuse for the Younghusband expedition.

The way is paved for this frank expression of conviction by a description of Mr. Curtis's attempt to reach Lhasa from the west, and his failure to do so; by our author's inference that the Russians could not do so; and by his study of geographical data. These parts of the book are sandwiched together rather oddly. Tibet precedes Turkestan in the title, because Tibet is the chief subject of Mr. Crosby's regard. But in the book itself Turkestan precedes Tibet; then come a history of Tibet and the denunciation of the British movement; after this a short history of Turkestan; and then, as appendices, a geographical paper and (British) state papers relative to Tibet.

It is unfortunate that the arraignment of the Younghusband expedition is weakened by extraneous matter calculated to invite adverse criticism. As a prophet in respect of Russia, Mr. Crosby risks his reputation by the statement (p. 19) that he "can see nothing to suggest destruction of the essential unity of that Empire," and that "local irritations in Finland, Poland, and the Caucasus, however justified they may be, cannot go to the length of establishing independent Governments in an age which demands consolidation." As to the latter statement, time will show; it is at least a daring prediction. But there is not much essential unity left in Russia. Not many will agree with the author's induction that irrigation is liable to be a curse to America, because of the "enervating facility and the great vulnerability of irrigation systems," as shown, for example, in Bengal. There is hope for us, he thinks, in some mitigating circumstances, though climate does not seem to be one of them! But, from an argumentative point of view, the greatest defect in the author's Tibetan thesis is that he undermines it by asserting his adherence to that philosophy which teaches indifference to right and wrong. After Mr. Crosby has gone out of his way to proclaim his belief in the universal Will which impartially urges the wolf to slay and the lamb to bleat objection thereto, and has identified the wolf with England and the lamb with Tibet, how can he expect to convince his readers that the wolf deserves rebuke? That same philosophy gave moral strength to all the thugs of India, where it was taught two thousand years ago. If the British wolf kills the Tibetan lamb, it is only the red slayer thinking along the lines laid out for it. Why should Mr. Crosby lament as "pathetic" and "harrowing" any processes of the universal unmoral Will? To him, "unjust" and "cruel" are the words of those foolish people who believe in the freedom of the will. As he says himself: "If, then, the British power, ruthless, shall complete its destruction and cen-

struction in Tibet, then the ruthless act shall have demonstrated its necessity in the general scheme of things. Why preach about it, then?" Why, indeed! But we are persuaded that Mr. Crosby's morality is deeper than his philosophy, though he would have us believe that he preaches as the lamb bleats.

The author secured one of the rare manuscripts found in the sands of Turkestan, and has presented it to the Congressional Library. Its authenticity appears to be vouched for. Mr. Crosby has also laid scientists under obligation by correcting M. Grenard's faulty estimate of the number of monks in Tibet (not half a million, but 175,000). His defence of the polyandry of a polyandrous people is clever, and has much of truth. At least it explains very well the reason for the system in the nature of things Tibetan. We have left no space to speak of the venturesome trip with M. Angineur through Turkestan and a corner of Tibet over mountains 18,000 feet high; but the narrative will well repay perusal. Trifling lapses are a lacuna on page 141; "kharma" for karma, pages 169, 173; and "Musselmen" (p. 109); but "tallimans" has escaped the dire corruption of analogy. Curiously enough, Hoernle, the name of the well-known Sanskrit scholar whom the author visited in Oxford, appears five times as "Hoerule"!

The Life of Reason; or, The Phases of Human Progress. By George Santayana. Vol. III., Reason in Religion. Scribners. 1905. Pp. ix., 279.

In this, the third, volume of his *magnum opus*, Professor Santayana contemplates the wide field of the religious consciousness, and applies thereto the principles laid down in the first two volumes. It thus claims consideration in a wider context, though it is certainly not lacking either in interest or in intelligibility for those unacquainted with the earlier volumes. Indeed, while as brilliant in form and as stimulating in point of view as they, the present book succeeds in throwing fresh light, and is a real help in estimating the ultimate drift of Mr. Santayana's philosophy. For, sooth to say, the outcome of the earlier volumes was a trifle enigmatic. They seemed at many points to fall in with the drift of the most recent philosophy. They were distinctly "pragmatic" in their view of truth, and scornfully critical of the metaphysical bogies of absolutist philosophers. Their rejection of rationalistic intellectualism went so far as to come perilously near to avowed irrationalism, and their insistence on the chaos of instincts in which all rational activity was rooted, seemed to import into their very title a touch of satire. Nevertheless, there ran through the whole a thread of naturalism of a distinctly older pattern, which provoked unanswered questions as to its relation to Mr. Santayana's more novel views.

Now the present volume makes it fairly clear that this naturalism is really the deeper current in his thinking. Mr. Santayana is, of course, much too modern and too well versed in psychology not to conceive the phenomena of the religious life as primarily psychological in their significance, and therefore not to feel bound to bestow on them serious and sympathetic consideration; but at the critical turning-points a

deep-seated prejudice in favor of naturalism always weights his scales. He cannot conceive that religious experience can in any way acquire cognitive value. He is firmly convinced that "the idea that religion contains a literal and not a symbolic representation of truth and life is simply an impossible idea" (p. 98). He argues that successful religion can only pass into "contemplation, ideality, poetry," and that to conceive it as really efficacious is to degrade it into an art of exploiting the world (p. 42-3). That the exploiting of the world is necessarily degrading is also an unargued prejudice (though not a naturalistic one), hard to combine with a pragmatist theory of knowledge.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Santayana will not hear of any future life in any literal sense; but that his attitude proceeds not from reason, but from bias, appears clearly from his remarks on the value of what seems empirical evidence of survival. While not venturing to deny (p. 250) that there may be "a residuum of clairvoyance and telepathy and an occasional abnormal obedience of matter to mind" in these psychical phenomena, he is quite sure that it indicates nothing but lower faculties unworthy of investigation, and argues in a pathetically *a priori* and dialectical fashion about the possibilities of "disembodied life." It is clear that here again his naturalism strikes deeper than his empiricism.

After thus brusquely sweeping away the ordinary foundations of man's religious life, Mr. Santayana proceeds, however, to seek the spiritual consolations of "reason" in a somewhat surprising way. For the word seems to have subtly changed its hue. Hitherto it had figured merely as the faculty of distilling satisfactions out of a naturally irrational whirl of things. Now it suddenly becomes a faculty of soaring, Platonically, to the ideal goal of all life, of uplifting one's self onto the plane of pure intellect, one and divine and timeless, of "gravitating towards a fixed object called truth," and thereby resting in an unearthly "contemplation of things not implicating time in their structure," and so becoming "ideally immortal" (pp. 263-273). In short, Mr. Santayana revives for our edification all the hyperboles of Aristotle's "theoretic life," and produces a similar feeling of incongruity. Despite his protests against mysticism, the whole doctrine seems highly mystical, rather than reasonable. It is hard to see how an ideal goal which does not exist, can unite a plurality of minds between which it would form a "gulf" if it did exist (p. 264). Nor does it seem a plausible mode of escaping from the flux of cosmic changes that we should concentrate our attention upon abstractions from which we have ourselves excluded the thought of their time-relations. For are not our ideal objects just as transient as those who think them? To palm off the "eternity" of an abstraction on a bewildered public is an old philosophic trick; but one would not have expected Mr. Santayana to descend to so paltry and manifest a *tour de force*. The congruity of Mr. Santayana's conclusions with his premises, then, is not as clear as might be desired, and few, perhaps, will care to share his precise combination of abnegation and enthusiasm. But his work remains of high interest as a human document, and abounds

in memorable sayings and incitements to quotation.

The Long Day: The Story of a New York Working Girl, as told by Herself. The Century Co. 1905.

This is the recorded experience of a worker in good faith, who came from the country with neither money nor friends, and with only such business training as had been furnished by a short period of teaching in a country school. No story of amateur trifling is hers. She must have worked or starved, and in her dreadful experiences she touched the very bottom of the industrial question. As a narrative the book is powerful and absorbing, and it must have, we should suppose, a definite value as a contribution to the great question, How can the working girl be helped out of her depressing and depraving surroundings? The closing chapter, which supplements the record with suggestions of some palliative measures, contains the kernel of the matter. Of these indicated remedies one is the building of a system of hotels after the plan of the Mills Hotels for men. Another, a greater interest on the part of the church in the workwoman's welfare, not from an eleemosynary standpoint, but as an adjuster of her social and economic difficulties:

"A live and progressive church—a church imbued with the Christian spirit in the broadest and most liberal interpretation of the term—can do for us, and do it quickly and at once, more than all the College Settlements and all the trades unions that can be organized within the next ten years could hope to do. And for this reason: the church has all the machinery ready, set up, and waiting only for the proper hand to put it in motion to this great end," i. e., the solution of the problem "affecting the economic condition of the wage-earning woman."

Personally, the author has great faith in trades unions, and would like to see them organized by women. She has observed, on the other hand, that workwomen so far are blind to the benefits of organization, and she adds with naïve candor that "it has not yet been proved that the trades union, carried to its logical conclusion, is likely to be a panacea for the industrial woes of the sex which does favor and support it." This idea, therefore, she reluctantly sets aside to await growth. Meantime, to the church she appeals, and to the workwoman's hotel she points for help. In relation to the hotels, she insists that they be business enterprises, with neither religion nor "coercive morality" as their watchword. More to the point, she avers, is a parlor. "The number of young girls who go wrong in a great city like this for want of the various necessities of a parlor must make the angels in heaven weep."

In the working girl's lack of equipment she finds the main cause of her difficulties; not only—not even chiefly—in her lack of technical training, but in her utter ignorance of how to work. Not to understand the principles of labor is to dislike work; to dislike it is to fail as a wage-earner; and from the failures come the delinquents and criminals. It was from reading Booker Washington's "Up from Slavery" that the author of "The Long Day" awoke to the perception of industrial immaturity as the workwoman's handicap. In addition

she finds her equally ill-prepared to think right, to live right, or to meet the moral crises that waylay her. Yet she sees daylight in some directions, building hopes on the free kindergartens, whose effects are only now beginning to be felt as a factor in the industrial field. She fell in with many who had had public-school teaching for a greater or less time, but found them deplorably weak in two of the "R's." All wrote well; but not one was there "whose knowledge of the simplest rudiments of learning was confident and precise." The only girl whom she met who had had kindergarten training knew how to work, and had learned the secret, as she herself said, "of killing two birds with one stone," and of "makin' of your cocoon save your muscle." The writer does not unduly generalize from this one instance, yet it is evident that, even without it, she is firm in the belief that intelligence and method will follow kindergarten training. Has she not seen the workers—the baby band "learning the rudimentary principles of work under the blissful delusion that they were at play"? Better books, too, for the working girl she asks for, and better books that they will read—not Shakspeare, Ruskin, or Pater, but clean, present-day romance; present-day. Because the girls will read no other. Finally, to teach the working girl to work intelligently is to substitute "working" for "being worked." It is to teach her

"to think about herself and all those things which most vitally concern her as a woman and as a wage-earner. And then, you may depend upon it, she will settle the question to please herself, and she will settle it in the right way."

The writer's tone, even when there is most provocation to heat, is conspicuously fair and free from hysteria; eminently broad, sane, and hopeful is her view. But did the Young Women's Christian Association really recommend a boarding-house as one kept by "a lady of very high Christian ideals"? The language does not sound like that business-like purveyor of the working girl's welfare.

With its disclosures, its suggestions, and its hopes, "The Long Day" is a book that must and will be read. It would not be surprising to find it coloring the counsels of them that sit and devise relief for suffering humanity.

Il Libro dei Viaggi. Principe Baldassare Odescalchi. Rome: Casa Editrice Nazionale. 1905.

These two volumes belong to a series of a dozen books of travel issued by the same house. The descriptions of visits to Palestine, the Argentine Republic, and Constantinople, which have already appeared in the *Nuova Antologia*, are enlarged, and an account of the four weeks spent in America by Prince Odescalchi in September, 1904, as a delegate to the Interparliamentary Peace Congress at St. Louis, is added. His travels were limited to the itinerary hospitably provided by this Government. He "hesitated to yield to the desire to publish an account of this journey," and there is much in these pages to justify that hesitation. Errors like "handsome-cab", "forweler" (four-wheeler, the name he applies to cabs), "bengio" (banjo), "biget" (biggest), illustrate the difficulties

of English for a nation of phonetic spellers, and, like "St. Louis, the capital of Louisiana," the "Illinois River" for the Potomac, and "incertezza" for *incertezza*, "hansu" for *hanno*, have little excuse. His steamer, entering New York harbor, neared "Cuney-Island" and coasted along "Governors Island, where the custom house is, and Ellis-Island." The small number of steerage passengers was "due to the excitement of a Presidential campaign, which always causes a total suspension of public works." Our author attributes the decay of American shipping to the dearth of American sailors and the high price of labor.

The morning after landing, he wished to engage a *valet de place*. He not only could not hear of one, but not even succeed in making any one understand what a "domesticus di piazza" was, and he followed the democratic advice to make use of the automobiles for "Seeing New York." The feeble and not scrupulously refined jests of the megaphone man, and the extravagant laughter with which they were received, were, with reason, distasteful to him, but they lead him to comment at length upon the American's "childish" fondness for jokes. He writes much about American bad manners, but the case cannot be entirely hopeless since at West Point the interparliamentary visitors were "taken first to the library, because they like to show foreigners their collections of books as a sign of their increasing culture"; and in the reading-rooms both men and women were so absorbed in their books that "none stirred to look at us, although we were representatives of all the Parliaments of Europe, people not to be seen every day in this country." In the Metropolitan Museum the *biga* found near Norcia (the only complete one known) and the frescoes discovered at Bosco Reale lead him to regret the inefficiency of the Italian provisions for preventing such treasures from leaving the country, and to admit having done his utmost to secure these paintings for that Government. He succeeded only in having some small specimens of them given to the museum at Naples. Yet he notes how few Italian paintings are in the collection, and not one of first rank, and how small and unimportant is the collection of Italian porcelains and majolicas. He takes too seriously the invitation of the mayor of Philadelphia: "If any of you should wish to become a citizen of this city, he has only to ask. We will accept him with pleasure." The mayor "thought to honor the Europeans," but "in the past such an offer would have been received as an affront if it had been made to a *civis romanus* like myself."

Throughout his long service in Parliament, Prince Odescalchi has given much attention to Italian emigration, and he visited Argentina to study this subject. More of the agricultural classes, more from Northern Italy, have gone there. Here his compatriots, he says, are considered "undesirable," and therefore he recommends that the tide of emigration should be deflected by Italy to South America, where the newcomers "would meet a better welcome, and, in consequence of racial affinities and the common origin of their speech, would be less at a disadvantage and probably would preserve the impress of the ancient Latin civilization."

It is a welcome sign of changed conditions to find this descendant of the family of Innocent XI. recognizing, in the very broad religious toleration which exists in this country, one of the finest characteristics of our people.

The Autobiography of Samuel Smiles. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

Autobiography has been wittily defined as "that which biography ought to be." There is no more delightful species of literature than a genuine autobiography—that is to say, one in which the writer has nothing to conceal, no appearances to keep up, and in which weaknesses and blunders have a share of the canvas as well as virtues and success. Hence the charm of Alferi's *Autobiography*, and of Montaigne, who is so freely autobiographical. And so it sometimes happens that a man whose other writings show no particular indication of genius may, if he will, write a supremely interesting account of himself. Judging from the volume before us, it would seem that the converse also holds true. Dr. Samuel Smiles wrote a number of books in the last fifty years which were singularly successful and meritorious—if large sales be accepted as the test of merit; but his autobiography is a decidedly dull book. He was a shrewd and successful Scotchman, resembling in many ways one of his countrymen who has achieved an immense fortune in this country, and who is not restrained by any false modesty from informing the world that his success is due to the possession of excellent qualities of mind and body. Every other page of this book is devoted to self-glorification over the success of the writer's previous books and their translation into many languages. This sort of elation is perfectly legitimate, but its too frequent expression tends to weariness, and would incline a cynic to suspect that the sales of 'Self-Help' were falling off and required some such stimulant.

As an account of the man Smiles, except in this matter of vanity, the book is quite valueless. Glimpses we get of his views of literature (other than the product of his own pen), as when he says of Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law rhymist, that he "gained a reputation as a poet equal to that of the best of his time"; and we may infer absolute self-confidence from the fact that he wrote a 'Guide to America' without considering it necessary to cross the Atlantic. He describes his visits to various countries, but has nothing to say about them that is not better said by Baedeker, and to one who has recently enjoyed Montaigne's 'Journey into Italy,' Dr. Smiles's account seems a veritable *reductio ad absurdum*.

The gospel of success will always be popular among the complacent optimists who are satisfied that everything is for the best in this best of all possible worlds; but there are others.

Poésies de Guillaume IX. Comte de Poitiers. Édition critique. Publiée, avec une introduction, une traduction et des notes, par A. Jeanroy. Toulouse. 1905.

That William of Poitiers was not the first of the troubadours may be inferred from the relative perfection of his style and versification, as well as from his own boast that he bore the palm at this trade;

but of his predecessors we know nothing. We have, then, in this slender volume of sixty-one pages all that has reached us of the verse of the first of that long line of Provençal poets whose music caused the old chronicler Philip Mousquet to say that, when Charles the Great divided his conquered lands among his vassals, he gave Provence to the singers and musicians. These earliest examples of a lyric poetry that has influenced every European literature of importance, are of no small interest, and fortunately M. Jeanroy's French translation makes the reading of them possible to others than special students of Provençal.

The earlier editions of William's poetry by Keller, and by Holland and Keller, are to-day difficult to obtain, and were, moreover, incomplete and uncritical. M. Jeanroy has for the first time given us all of the eleven poems ascribed with reasonable certainty to this poet, with the readings of the various manuscripts. The book is a reprint of an article in the *Annales du Midi* for April, 1905. In addition to a critical text, with notes, the editor offers us a discussion of the language and versification, and seeks to point out, as already perceptible in these poems, the peculiarities of sentiment and expression which characterize the later court poetry. The mystic exaltation of love with which we are familiar in Dante, with the traditional opposition of the disdainful lady and the humble and patient lover, must have already existed, for we find it well developed but a few years later in Bernart of Ventadorn; yet of this we catch but glimpses in the poetry of William. He was no platonic lover, satisfied alone with setting his plaints to music, and the full-blooded passion of his love often finds expression in the sensual and brutal. Instead of worship, we often find a touch of contempt for woman as his inferior. Nevertheless, the germ of the later convention is here, as the germ of the elaborate and artificial versification of a later time is in the comparatively simple forms of his verse.

Those who are interested in William of Poitiers as an historical figure—as the grandfather of Henry's Queen Eleanor and the great-grandfather of Richard the Lion-Hearted—will perhaps be disappointed at finding the discussion confined to William as a poet. The poems themselves, however, throw valuable light on the character of the gay cavalier who led an army of one hundred thousand men into Palestine, and, after its annihilation, if we may believe Oderic Vital, made jesting songs of this ill-starred crusade.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Alleman, Herbert C. *The Gist of the Sermon.* Philadelphia: Lutheran Publishing Society. 75 cents.
 Bassett, John Spencer. *The Federalist System.* (The American Nation, Vol. XI.) Harpers. \$2 net.
 Beckwith, Charles Minnigerode. *Rightly Instructed in God's Holy Word.* Thomas Whitaker. \$1 net.
 Blake's *Lyrical Poems.* With introduction by Walter Raleigh. Henry Frowde.
 Bliss, Annie Marie. *Smile and Sing.* Reading, Mass.: A. M. Bliss Publishing Co.
 Boardman, George Dana. *Life and Light.* Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. \$1 net.
 Bonner, Geraldine. *The Castle of Diamond Case.* Funk & Wagnell Co. \$1.
 Bowman, George Ernest. *Vital Records of the Town of Halifax, Massachusetts.* Boston: Massachusetts Society of Mayflower Descendants.
 Browning's *Selected Poems.* Edited by Percival Chubb. Longmans. 40 cents.
 Carey, Wynand. "No. 101." Putnam. \$1.50.

Castries, Henry de. *Les Sources inédites de l'Histoire du Maroc*. Vol. I. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
 Catharine Grace Lester. *A Memoir*. With an introduction by Field-Marshal the Earl Roberts. Henry Frowde.
 Centralization and the Law. With introduction by Melville M. Bigelow. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
 Cestre, Charles. *La Révolution Française et les Poètes Anglais*. Paris: Hachette & Co.
 Chamberlain, Leander. *The True Doctrine of Prayer*. The Baker & Taylor Co. \$1 net.
 Children's Letters. Collected by Elizabeth Colson and Anna G. Chittenden. Hinds, Noble & Eldredge.
 Churchill, W. S. *Lord Randolph Churchill*. 2 vols. Macmillan Co. \$9.00.
 Cicero's Orations. Edited by Albertus G. Clark. Henry Frowde.
 Colcock, Annie T. *Her American Daughter*. The Neale Publishing Co. \$1.50.
 Daniel, J. W. *A Maid of the Foot-Hills*. Neale Publishing Co. \$1.50.
 Davis, H. W. *England under the Normans and Angevins*. Putnam. \$3.
 Dodge, David Low. *War Inconsistent with the Religion of Jesus Christ*. Boston: Ginn & Co. 50 cents.
 Dresser, Horatio W. *Health and the Inner Life*. Putnam. \$1.35 net.
 Dumas's Excursions sur les Bords du Rhin. With introduction by Théodore Henckels. American Book Co.
 Dutton, Maude Barrows. *In Field and Pasture*. American Book Co.
 Elzas, Barnett A. *The Jews of South Carolina*. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
 Empire, The, and the Century. Edited by Charles S. Goldman. Dutton. \$0 net.
 Findlay, A. *Physical Chemistry*. Longmans. 75 cents net.
 Foster, R. P. *Complete Bridge*. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.
 Franklin's Autobiography. Edited by William B. Cairns. Longmans. 40 cents.
 Gaidenhire, Samuel M. *The Long Arm*. Harpers. \$1.50.

Gaskell's Cranford. Edited by Franklin T. Baker. Longmans. 40 cents.
 Gibson, Percival. *Vrouw Grobelaar and her Leading Cases*. McClure, Phillips & Co.
 Graham, George W. *The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence*. The Neale Publishing Co. \$1.50.
 Griggs, Edward Howard. *Moral Leaders*. B. W. Huebsch. 20 cents net.
 Gunkel, John E. *Boyville*. Toledo, O.: Newsboys' Association.
 Gunnison, Herbert F. *Two Americans in a Motor Car Touring Europe*. Brooklyn Daily Eagle.
 Heroic Romances of Ireland. Translated into English prose by A. H. Leahy. Vol. II. London: David Nutt.
 Hewlett, Maurice. *The Works of Vol. V: The Queen's Quair*. Macmillan Co. \$3 net.
 History of all Nations. Vol. XIV: *The Age of the European Balance of Power*. By John H. Wright. Philadelphia: Lea Brothers & Co.
 Hobhouse, L. T., and J. L. Hammond. *Lord Hobhouse: A Memoir*. Longmans. \$4 net.
 Hood, Charles Newton. *Europe on 44 a Day*. Medina, N. Y.: The Rolling Stone Club. 50 cents.
 Hopkins, N. Monroe. *Experimental Electrochemistry*. D. Van Nostrand Co. \$3 net.
 Hudlekooper, Frederic Louis. *Military Studies*. Kansas City, Mo.: Kimberly Publishing Co.
 Hunt, W. Holman. *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*. 2 vols. Macmillan Co. \$10 net.
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